# THE CAVALIER.

## Romance.

By LEE GIBBONS,

STUDENT OF LAW.

---

Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. GRAY.

---

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821.




# THE CAVALIER.

## CHAP. I.

A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear,
Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold;
He cast himself into the saint-like mould,
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.

DRYDEN.

THE year 1658, an era memorable to the world by the death of the Protector Cromwell, was one pregnant with plots and conspiracies against the then order of things; even actual rebellion broke out in more than one county, and the nation, from one extent to the other, wore a countenance every way unquiet, discontented, and threatening. Cromwell, in constant dread of assassination, wore

armour concealed under his clothes, and took every precaution, not only to preserve his person from secret violence, but his authority from public danger. His officers were ever on the alert, and no company, no privacy, were free from his spies and inquisitors; not the secrets of his Majesty's little court in Germany could escape his vigilance, and the dearest friends grew fearful of each other, under the contemplation of his omniscient surveillance. Among the most servile of those jackalls who watched the smile of the Protector, was Simon Murray, Lord Caryfort, and by his patient attention to the inconsistent harangues of his master, the Scottish peer had gained a high place in his esteem He maintained his post by an affectation of the manners, the dress, and the oratory, of his fanatical compeers; and, in a short time, the well-dressed and polite, but sententious nobleman, had dwindled into a plain puritanical preaching courtier of Cromwell's school, the comrade of Wol-

veley, Fleetwood, Desborough, Pride, and the other Gideons of the court. Murray was, however, more familiarly treated by Cromwell, than any of the former; not excepting his son-in-law, who cared little for business; and the easiness with which Caryfort mingled politics and religion, a prayer and secret information, gave the Protector a high opinion of his abilities, and induced him to lay aside that stately reserve, which he generally assumed to most, subsequent to his inauguration. Caryfort also was one of those who would fain have had Cromwell to accept the crown, and it is well known that that hypocrite so much desired it, as to love all those who would have placed it on his head, and to hate all those who were minded otherwise. Hence Caryfort had admission to his master at all times and in all places, a favour granted to few besides; and he was not sparing in availing himself of his opportunities. By the way, it must be by our readers understood, that my Lord

Caryfort did not sow without reaping; he did not stoop from his native dignity (if he ever had any) to companion with low-bred fanatics, for the mere pleasure of the acquaintance; no such thing; no one probably was more acquainted than he that

——— ——— non gemmis, neque purpura
Venale, nec auro,

the man is made; but no one, than he, knew better, that the gifts of fortune do strangely exalt, and give, as it were, a finish and proper stamina even to the best bred man in the universe; and he concluded, moreover, that if he parted willingly with his station in polished society, he for whose sake he made so great a sacrifice, was in honour bound to compensate him with such a recompense as it became the giver to offer, and the acceptor to receive. Cromwell was no doubt of this understanding, for he conferred several rich offices upon Caryfort, and suffered no opportunity to slip of

helping his fortune. Murray, on the other hand, testified his gratitude by an earnest and incessant watchfulness over the fortunes of his patron, and it was chiefly by his care and foresight that the many plots against the Protector were detected and overthrown.

Oliver (as was his custom) had spent a week in retirement, at the palace of Hampton Court — his favourite summer residence, when Murray, one morning, made his appearance at the gate, and requested admission. On entering the palace, he was informed the Protector was at prayer with his chaplain, Goodwin, and had desired that he might not be disturbed. Notwithstanding this information, Caryfort made his way to the chamber, where he found Oliver and his lecturer on their knees, engaged in silent devotion. The peer knelt beside his master, and instantly appeared as intent upon spiritual exercise as his companions; he elevated his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, groaned and grunted as deeply as

Cromwell himself, who was far from being deficient in those exterior testimonies of a broken and contrite heart. When this scene had been enacted about half an hour, the Protector arose, and was imitated by Caryfort and Goodwin. Cromwell seated himself on a chair, cushioned and lined with red leather, and motioned to his friends to take places. "What may "bring ye here, Caryfort?" said the Protector. "Have you and Thurloe put your heads together, and found out some invasion of the realm by the king of the Cavaliers?" He smiled, and turned towards Goodwin, as if to receive credit for the ridicule conveyed in his speech: the chaplain, like a true parasite, simpered in reply.

"God protect us!" said Caryfort, "your Highness may not smile when my tale is told: Charles Stuart is more potent than he should be, for our safety and that of the commonwealth — we have news of import."

"Out with it, man," cried Crom-

well, whose tone was now changed from cold ridicule to trembling wrath; "out with it — How! what — what mean ye?"

"The King —" pursued Caryfort.

"The King!" interrupted Cromwell.

"Nay, the Cavalier King, Charles Stuart, has now an army of many thousand men at Bruges."

"What!" cried the Protector, as if struck by a sudden blow — "What! and where — and where, in the Lord's name, gat he them?"

"The Spaniard," replied Murray, "hath holpen him to men, arms, and ammunition."

"The fire of God consume him for't," exclaimed Oliver. "Ah, would to the Lord Blake — Blake were living — the Spaniard? — Blake! —he hath rued his false dealing before now; and if a squadron I have left, he shall again. — Blake! — Blake — I need thee." —

"And more," continued the Peer. "They have intelligence here."

"Who? where? how?" cried the Pro-

tector, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog; "what hair-brained traitor dare correspond with the King? Speak, man. He is dead before thou sayst—"

"The Cavaliers of the north," answered Murray, "if not up already, await but the presence of that traitor Sydenham: Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, are numbered, and pledged to rise."

"Where—where is Snell?" cried Cromwell. "Let him march—march forward, instantly—and—"

He ended not the sentence, but clenched his fist, and paced the room from side to side, like a wild beast.

"Sir Harry Slingsby and Dr. Huet—" said Caryfort.

"Ha—what of them?" cried Oliver, stopping short, "are they—"

"Traitors!" replied Murray; "and Mordaunt is closely implicated."

"Are they—are they fast in prison, by the neck and heels?" said the Protector.

"Yea; but worse than all," said the Peer, "Ormond is known to be in England, yet he is in darker hiding than we can penetrate."

"Set a reward upon his head, and another on Sydenham," cried Cromwell. "God give me patience, this is news indeed! — Slingsby! Huet! they are friends of the president — Bradshaw! where is he? and Waller! Haslerigg! Lambert! and Fairfax! The Lord's vengeance over—overtake them."

He sat down again in his chair, nearly overcome with the strength of his own passions, and the sweat coursed down his brow like drops of rain down a window pane.

"The president Bradshaw," replied Caryfort, "is now in London: Fairfax is gone north; Waller, Haslerigg, and Lambert walk in public; and if your Highness thinks your safety endangered by their enlargement, the Tower or the Gate-house —"

"Let them rest, let them rest," replied

the Protector, "but have a falcon — a falcon's eye upon 'em: they are foes to my government; but foes, are they, too potent to crush: the Lord, in his own good time, will free me from them. But Bradshaw! has he not a house — a house of strength in Cheshire?"

"Yea," answered Murray, "he possesseth Wibberley, a strong and fortified mansion on the Mersey."

"Bid him surrender it," cried Cromwell, "as he values his life. No cave of Adullam shall that castle be for the Davids of his party.

"Secretary Thurloe and myself," answered the Peer, "have already sounded him on this subject."

"With what success?" said Oliver.

"In vain: with his accustomed uncourteous incivility," replied Murray, "he told us plainly, it did not lie within the law, that a king of England could seize into his hands the property of his subjects; much less your Highness, whom he termed a usurper."

"The man is honest; he will have his way," said Cromwell, in a low tone. "His words are idle — idle as the wind, good Caryfort, let them pass."

"But his castle," said the Peer.

"Must be ours, God willing," answered the Protector: "in time of war, the laws are silent; that might the President have known, at least, had he learnt his book."

Cromwell seemed now to be seized with a kind of lethargy, which usually succeeded to the delirium of his passion; he leaned upon the arms of the chair, and for some time spoke no word; his companions also preserved silence: it was a considerable space before he resumed his self-possession, gradually awakening from his disorder, as if from a sound sleep. When he raised his eyes and beheld Caryfort, he put his hand to his brow, as if striving to recall something past to his recollection, and then bowed his head in token of remembrance. He spoke slowly, but audibly. "Hie ye strait to

Whitehall — Bid Colonel Snell march — march on towards Cheshire — Bid him take possession, by fair means or foul, of the President's house — Give him, Caryfort, what other instructions you may, by the revelation of the Lord, be enabled. — Watch, and sleep not, for the enemy are at hand; and let that ram, Sydenham, be taken in the thicket, to be offered up, as it were, a sacrifice, instead of the blood of our Isaacs — the people of the land."

"But what authority will the Colonel have for his undertaking?" said Caryfort: "will your Highness give him an order?"

"No," replied Cromwell, bluntly: "what authority had Joyce for taking the king from Holmby? And if Snell will ask an order, he is not the man I take him for. Bid him do my will; he will not, dare not, question it."

"What must be done with the traitors, Slingsby, Mordaunt, and Huet?" enquired the Peer.

The Protector rolled, raised, and sank his eyes for at least a minute, without answering; at length, he said, "Go, go: I will be with ye to-morrow. Goodwin, see all ready for my journeying, so please the Lord, at cock-crow. Hie thee at speed, good Caryfort, and let Snell go forward with a regiment of horse. The foot — the foot may follow him, and the guns—the artillery—away to horse. God speed ye!

Murray then took his leave, and, mounting his steed, rode back to London. Arrived at his house there, he posted to Whitehall, and soon found his old acquaintance, engaged in the review of some regiments of dragoons. With all dispatch he communicated the Protector's order, and gave Snell such further instructions as the intelligence which he was in possession of (though not gained by divine revelation) furnished him with the means of doing. Snell, in a few hours after, left town at the head of ten squadrons of cuirassiers. We shall not

trace, step by step, nor stage by stage, the line of route (to use a military phrase) pursued by the Colonel; but we shall transport ourselves point-blank from the banks of the Thames to the scene of operations. Snell, as he neared his destination, met with innumerable flying rumours of the rise of the Cavaliers; but when he came to Buxton (about ten miles distant from Wibberley Castle), he found that the fortress was actually in the hands of the royalists, who had risen and possessed themselves of it on the first news of his approach. Not daunted by this discovery, he hastened his march, intending, by a sudden blow, to strike the garrison with dismay; but he reckoned without his host, for the Cavaliers not only were easy at his advance, but put the courage of his men to the trial by an ambuscade, which occasioned a sharp skirmish, and taught Snell to respect his enemy. In fact, the royalists were not, as the officer of Cromwell had supposed, raw men; for they were chiefly composed of those

troops which had been raised by Sydenham in the late war, and many of them had served in his own regiment. At their head was the quondam lieutenant Sidebotham, a Cavalier little liable to the impressions of fear; and Snell quickly found that, even with superior force to what he then had, sufficient work was cut out for him to last a considerable period. Under these circumstances, he deemed it best to draw off to the town of Marple, instead of sitting down before Wibberley, and there await the arrival of his foot and artillery, no doubt (though he did not make public his suspicions) fearing, that by a more general rising of the disaffected, he and his little army might be overwhelmed. Here he patiently watched the operations of the royalists, like a lion observing a posse of bulls, which, without assistance to his own strength, he dare not attack; and the enemy, on the other hand, so much dreading his known valour and capacity, as to fear venturing out, lest they should fall victims to force or

stratagem. In a few days the rest of the Colonel's division, consisting of a regiment of foot, and a corps of engineers and artillery, joined him at Marple; and he then pushed forward to Wibberley, where he opened his intrenchments under a brisk fire from the castle. In spite of his perfect field equipage, however, Snell found it a work of time to complete his investment of the fortress, which (as we have before remarked) was of considerable extent; and when he had finished his approaches with great diligence and perseverance, by a fierce sally of the Cavaliers, what had taken him a week to form, was destroyed in a single hour: again and again did he complete his lines, covered by the fire of his artillery, but Sidebotham, with indomitable courage and obstinacy, beat up his intrenchments, and demolished his works.

At length he found it impossible, without draining the graff or wet ditch which surrounded the castle, to gain any advantage from the services of his engineer;

and he resolved, therefore, to turn the siege into a blockade, and starve the royalists into a surrender. To this end, he gave the command of the force destined to lie before Wibberley to another officer, not less sanguinary, nor less attached to Cromwell for good and evil, than himself; and with a *corps de reserve*, consisting of about one hundred choice veterans, he fixed his head-quarters at Marple, making daily visits to the castle to superintend the management of all. It was not long before the Cavaliers perceived the order of this arrangement, and they frequently took the opportunity of Snell's absence from the camp, to make sorties, which were often successful, and did great damage to their opponents. We shall now leave the leaguer for a time, and join the Colonel at Marple, where, at a rude kind of inn, or hostel, the only house of entertainment for man and horse in the place, he had fixed his station. Mr. Zachariah Tims, the landlord, was one of those obliging

to be fully sufficient for their safety; but the solidity of the walls, and the bravery of the soldiers, were not the only defences in case of attack; the situation, when covered by artillery, (and Snell had provided himself copiously from his stores before Wibberley) was nearly impregnable; the river Mersey, or Etherow, ran before the house-door, rapid and deep, and a dozen yards below, formed a considerable cataract; a stone bridge, of one arch, which spanned the narrowest part of it, and upon which a sentinel incessantly marched, was, by the Colonel's direction, undermined, and the excavation filled with gunpowder, by means of which, and a train of communication, those within the house could blow the bridge and their assailants into the air. The back part of the hostel was surrounded by a wood of ancient trees, many of which had been cut down by the soldiers, to form round the house a sort of covered breastwork, or fortification; the several out-houses had also been pierced with

holes for the muzzles of fire-arms, and every precaution taken to strengthen the town, which a point of great importance deserved. Snell knew the country from side to side; every ford and bridge over the Mersey was known to him, and most of the latter he caused to be broken down, thus preserving in his own hands the passes into Derbyshire to and from the castle of Wibberley, which he rightly supposed to be the point of concentration for the Cavaliers. At Marple, Snell, with his accustomed insolence, domineered like a sovereign, obliging all the nobility and gentry around the country, to come and renew their acknowledgement of the government, and supply him and his forces with every thing needful. Not content with this, he levied contributions, and for refusal of payment, committed the defaulters to Chester Castle, threatening to put the country under martial law, for their indevotion to the Protector.

"I will make your villages," cried the

ruffian to a farmer, whom he suspected to have supplied Wibberley with provisions, "as bare and as free as your ploughed land: your harrow shall go over them, and scratch no stone; and a blind horse shall walk without stumbling where your full barns now stand, crammed with corn for the cursed Cavaliers. — See ye obey, and bring your rations here, or may my saddle never hold me more, if I mete ye not the guerdon I have said."

"Yea, but hear me," said the man.

"No," answered Snell, sternly, "I know ye — away. — If I but hear that ye hold converse with the enemy again, your time's come. — Look to it — begone."

It was in this style that this haughty commander treated all whom he suspected of disaffection; and in a short time, all those who had hitherto wavered, were as heartily his foes as his suspicion had before accounted them; so great was his intolerance and tyranny.

## CHAP. II.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slackened bit, and hoof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron sound,
The cavern'd echoes wake around,
In lash for lash, and bound for bound.

BYRON.

ONE evening, on his return from Wibberley to Marple, Colonel Snell was informed of the arrival of a messenger from the Protector; which messenger was no less a personage than the celebrated Praise-God-Barebone. — This man, since the arbitrary dismission of that Parliament, to which, as a member, he belonged, had, in order to retain some little power in the commonwealth, turned spy and pimp for the Protector; and, by his great utility in those necessary callings, and his readiness to undertake any work, however filthy, for his employer, he had won the praise and support of Cromwell. — But Barebone was not only the jackall of the

Protector, for Caryfort and the Secretary Thurloe usually employed him as a confidential agent in all their schemes of iniquity; and they had chosen him, on this occasion, as one upon whom they could safely rely for the communication of important intelligence to Colonel Snell.— He had arrived just before the Colonel; and as the latter alighted from his horse, Barebone came out of the inn, and, advancing towards him, lifted up his arms, and fervently embraced him.

"Of a truth, Colonel Snell," said he, "thou art like unto me as Jonathan was unto David."

The Colonel returned his fanatical embrace, but with a sneer, which, had it been observed by Barebone, would have mitigated his professions of fraternal regard.

"What brings ye into the north?" was the question first put by Snell to Barebone; and before he could frame a reply, which he always did very cautiously, the Colonel seconded his interrogatory

with "What news from the Lord Protector?"

"Truly," answered Barebone, "the Ruler is but sickly in body, though of a vigorous and godly health of mind."

"Declines Cromwell then?" muttered Snell, in a brown study; and after some time spent in reflection, during which his companion seemed not inwardly inattentive, he continued, "the time is not apt for illness: a man should now wear an iron tunic instead of a silken one: But tell me, what news are you the bearer of? Is Sydenham taken?"

"Not yet," replied the orator; "but the sheep is marked: he will soon be as the ram in the thicket. I have a word for thy privacy, Colonel. Let us awhile retire."

They withdrew some paces from the house, and held a long consultation, which, from the vehement gesticulation of the Colonel, and the earnest explanation of the orator, appeared of the highest importance. Upon the close of the con-

ference, Snell ordered out his men, and Barebone, placing himself in the midst of them, produced a scroll of parchment, from which he read the following proclamation:—

"Whereas it is fully certified to us, "that Charles Sydenham, formerly of "Banner Cross, in the county of Derby, "and lately bearing the commission o' "Colonel in the so called army of "Charles Stuart, pretending to the crown "of these realms, is now, as an emissary "and spy of the said Charles Stuart, "lurking up and down in our Common-"wealth, to the great terror of the people, "and intended overthrow and deposition "of the authorities constituted by the "people of the Commonwealth.

"Now know all men by this our pro-"clamation, that we, Oliver Cromwell, "Lord High Protector of the Common-"wealth of England, Scotland, and Ire-"land, will pay, out of our treasury, "to any person or persons, who shall "apprehend, or cause to be apprehended,

"the said Charles Sydenham, so that he "may be brought to justice, the sum of "one thousand pounds sterling; and if "any of his confederates, for the purpose "of reconciling themselves to the state, "will give notice to our officers whereby "he may be secured, they shall be entitled, "as well to a pardon of their past offen- "ces, as to the said sum of one thousand "pounds. And further, all subjects of "the Commonwealth are hereby warned, "that they do not harbour the said "Charles Sydenham, on pain of forfeiting "their allegiance to the Commonwealth, "and being proceeded against as traitors.

"Charles Sydenham is five feet eleven "inches in height, broad shouldered, "and body remarkably well made, has "dark brown hair and moustaches, hazle "eyes, nose rather aquiline, ordinary lips, "and chin; has a fresh brown colour, "and a hole, occasioned by a carbine "shot, under his left eye. He is about "thirty-three years of age."

When Barebone had made an end of

reading, Snell explained to the soldiers the nature of his mission from the Protector, which was, that Sydenham, who was one of the links of a grand confederacy, then existing, to overturn the present order of government, was expected to pass into Cheshire and Derbyshire, where his friends chiefly resided, in the course of the week — it might be that night, and that, therefore, it was necessary to guard all the passes.

"I shall make choice of your company, Serjeant Bramwell," said Snell, "to guard the higher pass across the river — I rely on your vigilance and activity. — The camp before Wibberley will prevent the rebel's attempting a passage there, and he will scarcely be so hardy as to seek an opening here under my nose. So comrades," speaking to Bramwell's troop, "form close your files, trail pikes, and march."

The veterans, forming in regular order, proceeded from the town with no music but that of their own deep-sounding tread; no drum, so cheering to

a soldier's ear, beat in unison with their regulated step; no spirit-stirring trumpet echoed from the rocks around;—silently, yet in haste, they advanced on their march. The Colonel and his friend watched their progress along the bank of the river, until they were scarcely distinguishable from the trunks of the thickly-spread trees, except by the rays of the setting sun glancing on their steel caps and jacks. After winding round a knoll, upon which stood a clump of fir trees, they ascended an eminence: the expiring orb, shining with a lustre which proclaimed its vicinity to departure, painted them with the rays of everlasting glory: for a moment they marched in file; the next, the road entered a defile, and the dazzling sight vanished from perception.

Our readers, however, for a short time quitting Marple, the Colonel, and Mr. Barebone, will keep Serjeant Bramwell and his file in view, who traversed the ground between the town and their de-

stined post with great expedition. The sun had entirely disappeared over the horizon, when they had arrived at the distance of half a mile from Marple, where the river was passable by means of a rude wooden bridge, the unornamented structure of the neighbouring peasantry. There had once been one of stone, but the mountain-torrent, swollen with heavy rains, had overwhelmed and carried it away; and since, the present temporary erection had served, without alteration, the purposes of those who had need of its utility. It is true the gallop of a heavy horse across the ill-joined planks shook them to trembling, and the crossing of a wheeled carriage was out of question; yet, as the country people were perfectly acquainted with these defects, they rarely attempted to use the bridge but for pedestrian transposition, having a much better passage over the very excellent one at the town below. On the eastern side of the river, the ground, broken and rugged, rose into a mountain,

the lower part of which, covered with clumps of oak, ash, fir, beech, and hazel, formed a thick and scarcely penetrable wood; and the higher, undecked but by a few solitary dwarf firs, showed its kindred to the ridgy and barren hills of Derbyshire. The western side, a perfect flat, extended into the best cultivated part of Cheshire, and was a champaign of sufficient extent for the combat of fifty thousand men. This was their pass of guard, and Bramwell and his men immediately took possession of the bridge. The file consisted of the serjeant, a corporal, and ten privates, most of whom, and particularly the chief subaltern, were strongly marked with the fanaticism of the times: there was, however, one exception worthy of notice — the corporal, a Lowland Scotsman, named Macrae, who, after receiving his share of the sale of Charles the First, thought it best, on the Scots' army disbanding itself, to enter the service of the Commonwealth, in expectation of reaping some more

of that golden fruit which he had received as the blood-money of his Sovereign.

The men rested on their pikes, or, leaning over the tottering rampart of the bridge, for some time watched, in silence, the murmuring swell of the river: at length, Macrae, starting from a musing fit, exclaimed, "Ae thousan' pund, why this is better than a'. It wull be ae second Charlie's wark: ae tithe share o' ae thousan' pund's e'en worth the fechtin' for: It's as guid as the command o' ae troop. Beside the chiel's five feet eleven inches, unco buirdly an' bainie, an' ae fell hond at his braid sword — did he no cleave through head an' shouthers Gill Vernon, the best swordsmon i' the army, when he mindit to hae snappit Charley Stuart?"

"And what o' that," said the soldiers, crowding round him.

"What o' that? Hae ye nae harns? Gin he could lather ae lad like Gill, what maun sic feckless creatures as we expect frae his arm o' strength?"

"Dost thou fear?" interrogated the Serjeant.

"Fear? De'il ae bit do I fear;" said he, bursting into a loud laugh. "Innie Macrae has an arm, an' ae sword, an' ae heart o'courage to defend himsel. — Nae, not I; ainly, ye ken, it's amaist likely that he'll no' submit tamely."

"Thou speakest the truth," said the Serjeant.

"Then, gin he winna submit, we maun try to mak' him," said Macrae.

"Of a certainty," replied the Serjeant.

"Then there maun, o' course, come ae bit o' fechtin," pursued the Corporal.

"We are well prepared," returned the Serjeant.

"An' ye canna weel expect fechtin' wi'out bleidshed," said the Scot.

"Assuredly no," replied the Serjeant.

"An' bleidshed amaist ay occasions death," said Macrae.

"You are in the right," answered Bramwell.

"An' ye ken, therefore, that gin this chiel ma'es ae vigorous defence, as ye may be assur'd he wull, for nae doubt he'll be baith weel armed an' mounted, it may cost some o' us our lives."

"True," cried the Serjeant.

"Why then," said Macrae, "there wull be fewer cuts i' the reward, that's a."

The Sergeant left the argument at Scotsman and his comrades, and, pulling a Bible from a side pocket, proceeded to walk to and fro on the bank of the river, with his harquebuss in one hand and the Scriptures in the other. The latter he constantly perused, with the exception of a hasty glance, which he now and then cast toward the high road, running parallel with the river, at some distance: his looks betrayed his anxiety and expectation, and yet he endeavoured evidently at a calmness which was as evidently assumed. At length,

the distant sound of the castle clock striking eight reached his ear; he closed his Bible, and advancing slowly to the bridge, said, "Ye watchers of the gate, have ye heard nothing?"

"Nothing," replied the soldier, "but the roaring of the waters, and the gathering of the winds. Let us now depart, we beseech thee, for the storm will quickly pour upon us, and the mountain torrent will sweep us away in its wrath."

The Serjeant turned upon him with anger kindled in his countenance, "Lift not up thine horn on high — Speak not with a stiff neck: thy duty is to guard this pass, and, by God's help, we will remain here till the morrow."

He turned away, and resumed his Bible, and his march on the bank. As the soldier had foretold, the howling of the winds plainly evidenced the rising of a storm: the evening had previously been calm and serene, but seemed now determined, by a violent derangement of the elements, to show the extremes of

two climates. The clouds, which had begun, unobserved, to gather, now drifted through the heavens with frightful rapidity. The wind howled through the glens, formed by the windings of the river, like the deafening yell of a thousand wolves; and the rain, first falling in large heavy drops, gradually increased until it came down in torrents: the river, continually increasing in its swell, approached the top of the western bank, and threatened the demolition of the bridge. The soldiers crowded together for shelter; and the Serjeant, wrapping round him his buff cloak, thought it best to join the assembly.

"O' my fegs, it wad be ae douce thing now," cried Macrae, "to be sittin' i' the ingle nook at auld Tims, swiggin' ae wee drap o' nappy."

"Thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy tongue frameth wickedness," answered the Serjeant, "to be always thinking of the creature instead of the Creator. Brethren, it is said, when two or three

are gathered together in the wilderness, their prayers shall be acceptable: let us, therefore, apply ourselves to thanksgiving."

As no one of the soldiers could deny they were in a wilderness, considering the aspect of the evening, and as they had no other way of passing the night more actively, they acquiesced in the motion of their officer, and forming a ring round him, whilst he ascended a large stone, they joined in a psalm of his giving out, with great enthusiasm. The wild moaning of the winds, which now blew with their utmost force, seemed in contention for superiority with the regulated notes of the psalm-singers; who appeared, by the strength of their infatuation, to have forgotten that the rain was falling as if in water-spouts; and although the lightning glared, as if purposely to show them the dreariness of their situation, by its continuous flashes setting the atmosphere in a blaze, and the thunder seemed every instant to

shake the earth to its centre, yet unaltered, unvaried, the anthem kept its monotonous cadence, until an old oak, which for centuries had stood lord of the neighbouring wood, rived by a thunderbolt, was shivered into a thousand atoms. The singing ceased; the soldiers looked at each other with silent astonishment, and even fear was depicted on the war-worn countenance of the Serjeant.

At this moment, the heavy hoof of a horse at full gallop, was distinctly heard by the party, approaching the bridge. The storm increased; the contention of the elements amounted to complete uproar; large arms of trees, broken by the hurricane, were tossed into the river, and carried down with the flood.

"To your posts, comrades," cried the Serjeant, "the enemy is coming, whom the Lord deliver into our hands."

The men seized their pikes, and planted themselves in array at each side of the bridge: the Serjeant withdrew the cover from the lock of his harquebuss, and, in

seeming patience, awaited the arrival of the horseman. The rider did not suffer his expectation to exhaust itself: he came on the spur, and seemed desirous of passing the bridge without checking his career. The Serjeant, aware of his purpose, called to him to stop, before he reached the bank. Apparently, he did not relish the high tone of authority with which the command was attempted to be enforced, but rowelling his steed with his spurs, he resolutely kept his way.

"Stand!" again cried the Serjeant, "or beware your life." He said this as the horse's fore-feet entered the bridge; the stranger showed no sign of attention, but rather seemed disposed to force his passage. The Serjeant made no further attempt to detain him by words; but, drawing a step backwards, fired upon him with his harquebuss. The stranger's fortune, at that moment, watched over him: the ball missed the man, but entered deeply into the horse's shoulder. Not a word escaped him; but throwing

aside a heavy horseman's cloak, in which he was enveloped, he drew a pistol from his holster, and shot the Serjeant through the head; then, drawing from his side a long broad sword, he endeavoured to clear his way through the soldiers, who had surrounded him. A desperate struggle ensued; the Round-heads fastened on the horse, which, enraged with the torment of the wound he had received, kicked and plunged with amazing strength and activity. The rider well versed in the knowledge of his weapon, used it with decided advantage: still the veterans of Cromwell pressed upon him with rage; they, at once, aimed their pikes at his heart; the horse, rearing, received in his breast, the blows aimed at his master, whose sword, the next instant, laid one of his assailants dead on the bridge. During this scene, which lasted but for a few moments, the storm abated nothing of its fury, but seemed to borrow from human rage, new force and impetuosity. The river, by a sudden

swell, overflowed the banks, and put an end to the conflict on the bridge, by sweeping away, in its stream, both it and those engaged. The horse of the stranger had fallen dead under his rider, who was instantly grappled with by the soldiers, at the moment the bridge gave way. They all sank together, and, rising, the Round-heads kept their hold: the stranger ineffectually yet desperately struggled to shake them from their grasp; repeatedly he dived, and sinking, dragged them after him; but as pertinaciously and strongly they kept their prize. The high flood, at length, threw them, nearly exhausted, on the western bank; again the stranger exerted what was left of his almost super-human strength, to escape from his determined adversaries; in vain the sinews of one man, though supported by a courage the most daring, here appeared woefully inefficacious, when matched with the efforts of nine others equally determined.

"Bind the daft chiel," cried the Scots-

man, who took the command of the file on the demise of the Serjeant.

"By whose authority am I thus treated?" exclaimed Sydenham, indignantly: our readers cannot have failed in perceiving it was he.

"By the authority o' those who weel deserve to hae some," replied the Scot, "I ken we hae paid dearly eneugh for't, an' sae, cummers, bind the callant, an' as the brig has sail'd down the burnie, let us e'en mak' the best o' our gate till the Colonel's quarters."

The Round-heads proceeded to pinion the arms of the gallant Cavalier, and, placing him in the midst of them, advanced at a quick step towards Marple.

## CHAP. III.

A thorough Wickliffite, the friend of Oldcastle,
Who takes as many words to eke a sentence
As thou or I would utter in a day;
Familiar is he with his God in prayer,
As though he collogued with his boon companion —
Whip me such rascals.

*Old Contention of York and Lancaster*

It will now be necessary for us to return to the inn of Mr. Tims, and to that moment of time, when the file of soldiers marched from Marple, leaving Snell and his companion Barebone at the hostel door, gazing on their departure. When the little column had entirely disappeared, the Colonel and the orator retired into the inn; — the former to unarm, and the latter to dissipate, in the best refreshments the house of Mr. Zachariah Tims could afford, the fatigue of his long

journey. [In those days, houses of entertainment could not boast of the variety of dining, sitting, and withdrawing rooms, which give ornament and comfort to the hotels of modern times.*] A large flagged hall, undecked, except with the spreading branches of the stag, or, since the arrival of the soldiers, by the well-arranged instruments of warfare, served for all purposes: officers, subalterns, and privates, crowded together *pêle mêle*, and frequently, at a glance, an observer might discover a council of war in one corner, a party of stipendiaries gaming and drinking in a second, and in a third a puritanical warrior, mounted on a stool, holding forth to a company around him with bellowing vociferation. The landlord generally joined the auditory of the latter party, or united in the delivery of a psalm with great observance, which was only now and then interrupted by the calls of

* The words within brackets are an editorial interpolation, but indeed seem a necessary proemium to the context. L. G.

their less religious comrades for more drink, interspersed with a variety of Teutonic and English oaths, which, often chiming with the intervals of the psalmody, produced a ludicrous effect. It is not to be supposed that anarchy of this kind could long exist without strife: quarrels, occasioned by the blasphemous interruptions of the foreigners, when their fanatical companions were engaged in their orgies, were frequently the precursors of a combat. These men, the very refuse and filth of the continental states, abandoned by all sense of morality and religion, and given up to the most gross sensuality, laughed at those rites, and that affectation of godly decorum for which the English soldier was so remarkable: the latter, pitying, according to his creed, the ignorance and self-destruction of his comrades, attempted to make them converts. In the attempts at this good work, disputes rose rapidly, neither party (notwithstanding the pretended calmness of the puritans) being slow to anger: the

arguments of each only served to inflame the passions of his opposite; and it was seldom that a conference, begun with prayers, ended not with blood. It required the whole courage and authority of Snell to silence these dissensions; and it was in the power of such a man as Snell alone to quell such desperate and ferocious spirits. Repeatedly had the enraged opponents drawn a line across the hall floor, and each man, planting his foot against his adversary's, swore to retire from it but with life. At these moments, the Colonel, whose match for strength of make was hardly to be paralleled, with his broad sword gleaming like a meteor of death in his hand, would rush into the midst of them, and often, by the high tone of authoritative command, but more frequently by a less pacific, though more pointed argument, frighten the combatants into obedience.

When Snell had laid aside his mail, he returned to the hall, and found Barebone doing ample justice to the good cheer of

Mr. Tims, who stood watching the eyes of this Father of the Faithful, as if in order to anticipate his wants. The orator seemed to have forgotten all sublunary matters in the one grand consideration of replenishing his stomach, which the savour of the viands smoking before him did not in the least allay. He proceeded, without noticing those around him, to ingurgitate the various victuals, in a manner which plainly indicated to the innkeeper, that it was not the habit of such pious men as Barebone to forget, among the many things needful, those most essential necessaries — eating and drinking. The Colonel stood for some time silent, watching the feast of this second Solomon; but despairing of its being quickly brought to a conclusion, he interrupted him by saying, "When he had ended his repast, he should be glad of some private discourse with him."

Barebone lifted up his head in an attitude of surprise, and after attentively viewing the person who had addressed

him, requested he would partake of the provision before them, "for assuredly, Colonel Snell," quoth he, "thou must be both hungered and athirst after thy quotidian travel at the leaguer of the high place called Wibberley Castle, and thou knowest that a man's belly shall be satisfied with the fruit of his mouth, and with the increase of his lips he shall be filled." *

The Colonel ordered a seat to the table, and proceeded, with great dispatch, to discuss those relics of the feast which had hitherto escaped the devouring maw of his confederate. It was a considerable period before either party could find time to open his mouth, otherwise than as an aperture for the entrance of his meat, each thinking the moments before him too precious to be wasted on less momentous discussion. At length silence

* Our author hath clearly put this passage into the mouth of Barebone, for the purpose of showing the orator's ignorance. It is evident that this Scripture text hath entirely a spiritual relation and not a carnal one. L. G.

was broken by Snell, who, decanting a large quantity of wine into a huge horn cup, tipped with silver, (the cup of ceremony of our host,) pledged therein the health of their patron, the Lord Protector. "Verily," quoth Praise God, "thou doest rightly: the Protector hath need of the prayers of the people. Pray God that he lengthen the days of our Hezekiah." Saying this, he emptied the cup which Tims had replenished and set before him.

When the landlord had removed the eatables, Snell said, "Has his Highness named his successor in the Protectorship, in case his malady should prove fatal?"

The orator looked cautiously round the hall, and then, in whispers, replied to the Colonel, "His Highness hath said assuredly his son Richard shall govern after him, and sit in his place, in his stead; and he hath appointed him to be ruler over England, over Ireland, over Scotland, and over Wales."

Snell shook his head ; — an implication of dissatisfaction, which his companion seemed perfectly to understand ; not as if the Colonel had any personal objection to the son of his patron, but as if in doubt of his ability to support the situation.

" He is a peaceable man," said Snell, in deep cogitation.

" Therefore is our expectation great that his government will be free from disquiet," replied the puritan.

" But he is not capable," rejoined Snell ; " he knows no more of commanding an army, than I do of canting in a pulpit."

This stroke did not appear to tally with the ideas of Barebone, but, in reverse, highly to pique him : his companion, however, did not observe his change of manner ; or, if he did, minded it not, but proceeded : " Were Richard Cromwell to mount the chair to-morrow, Charles Stuart, in a week, would be in England ; in a fortnight, at the head of the Cavaliers ; and, in a month, would

change places with the gallant soldier his Highness destines for our Protector."

"Thou art in the wrong, Colonel Snell," cried Barebone, who had now recovered from the fit of pique which the words of his companion had thrown him into: "thou art in the wrong to murmur at the dispensations of his Sacred Highness; and thou doest little better to lift up thy voice against the ministers of the word — faithful servants, who labour unceasingly in the vineyard, which is sadly overgrown with such weeds as thou."

Snell cast on him a look in which derision was mingled with contempt, and drawing his seat closer to that of Barebone, who did not seem over-anxious for a nearer acquaintance, he said, ironically, "Does the worthy Mr. Praise-God look to become Speaker under the pacific Richard? The dictatorial chair still floats in your brain, I see, though his Sacred Highness hath closed the door of the conventicle."

This sally at once disconcerted the

orator, who seemed at a loss for a reply; but his ancient assurance quickly relieved him from his embarrassment, and gathering all his solemnity of intonation and manner into his voice and action, he again addressed the Colonel.—

" Although it is not for me, who am but a lowly servant of the Lord, to dispute the will of his Highness the Protector, albeit it be contrary to the law and the word, yet will I exert my voice highly against his malignant advisers, such as thou art; against his evil counsellors, his corrupt ministers, who, not only, like the poisonous trees of Java, are themselves overflowing with venom, but do infect those who unhappily come within their influence; verily, I say, it is to ye, ye inheritors of Tophet, ye walkers in the way of Mammon and unrighteousness, ye seekers after the loaves and the fishes, and ye contemners of the bread of everlastingness, that the defection of our Ruler from the true path is to be ascribed. It is ye who have

hardened his heart against his people, and have poured hellebore into the crevices of his ears; it is ye, ye lost ones, who have advised him to shut up the temple of godliness, the meeting of brethren labouring for the weal of the land. Woe unto Israel, her adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper, they have taken away her tabernacle, as it were of a garden; they have destroyed the places of assembly, and consumed the temples with fire; they have caused the solemn feasts and sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion, and have despised, in their anger, the ministers of the Lord. Woe unto Israel! the law is no more; her rulers have joined with the enemies of her house, the joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned into mourning."

The tone in which this Jeremiah began his lamentation, was sufficiently elevated; but afraid least any person in the house should lose one word of his subject, he increased it as he proceeded, until the impetuous torrent of his lungs rolled on like

continued thunder claps, or the hollow reverberations of distant artillery. Mr. Zachariah Tims, who had remained unwillingly at the farther part of the hall during a few of the first periods in the orator's harangue, perceiving it was not his intention to conceal what he had to say, ventured to approach the table, and before the last sentence was concluded, a tolerably fair audience had joined him, anxiously listening to the pathetic complaints of their brother puritan.

The Colonel fixed his eyes, from the commencement of this scene, on the face of Barebone, and much scope had it afforded to the eye of a physiognomist to trace the line of demarcation in their different characters. The steady glare of Snell, whose muscles never altered under the reproaches thrown upon him, except by a slight smile of deep contempt, acted with the power of a basilisk's on the fevered visage of the orator. At first he seemed altogether abashed, but warming in his theme, and avoiding, as much as

possible, the glance of his companion, he proceeded without hesitation or interruption. At the conclusion, Snell walked slowly up to Barebone, and leaning on his sword, enquired what the sentiments of the Protector would be on this energetic declaration? "As for my own peculiar part," exclaimed Snell, "I do not value thy reproaches at a straw's worth."

"I believe it," replied the puritan; "derision seateth itself on thy brow, and mockery is esconced in thy heart: never shall I lose recollection of that day, when those Joabs, Goff and White, attended by thyself, Colonel Snell, and thy Philistines, broke into the sanctuary of our meeting. 'Why come ye?' said I. 'To enquire your business here,' was thy impertinent reply. 'We seek the Lord,' I rejoined. 'Then truly ye must seek elsewhere, for, to our certain knowledge, he hath not been in this house for many years.' This was the profane response of thy comrades and thee; and to fill up the measure of your iniquities, by adding

violence to insult, ye did summon your flaming dragons, your men of Belial; and by sacrilegious force, did eject from the tabernacle the chosen of the land."

Snell burst into a fit of laughter, and seizing the orator by the arm, thundered into his ear — "It was the Protector's order; and had he said, 'Lay those men dead on the floor,' you would now, Mr. Praise-God, rest in peace."

"Yea, I believe thee," returned Barebone; "thy hands are defiled with blood, and thy fingers with iniquity; but in the fulness of thy sufficiency, thou shalt be in straits; every hand of the wicked shall come upon thee."

The traits of ironical risibility instantly vanished from the visage of the Colonel, and, in their place, succeeded the expression of ferocious resolution, for which he was notorious. Snell was a man of some humour, especially of that species which consists in extracting mirth from the sensibility of the feelings of those over whom he could, with impunity, ex-

ert command. In this respect he resembled his worthy patron, the Protector, who never disliked a joke the worse because it caused pain to another. Previous to the commencement of the last sentence which issued from the lips of Barebone, the Colonel had been playing with the knot of his broad sword, and at its conclusion, with a look which shot death into the orator's soul, he significantly pointed to his weapon. He then drew from his breast a parchment roll, and thus addressed the puritan: "My comrades, who have heard the language you have thought proper to use, both in your reproaches against the officers of the Commonwealth, and your disapprobation of the Protector's measures, will bear testimony, that it is not out of private malice I now execute that duty which your folly has rendered inexcusable. — I have, with patience exemplary, borne the extremity of personal ill-usage; but I cannot suffer my soldiers to be openly excited to mutiny before my face, and not take proper

measures to suppress both it and the author. Therefore prepare. By virtue of this, his Highness's commission, I doom thee, Praise-God Barebone, to instant death. Stodard "(addressing a serjeant, who stood intently watching this singular scene,) " seize this traitor — draw out your company, and fire upon him."

The orator seemed, at this order, like a man just awoke from a deep sleep, and who endeavours to gather a precise knowledge whether he be awake, or yet under the influence of " death's image;" but finding himself roughly seized by Stodard, in pursuance of the Colonel's direction, his senses and recollection returned painfully acurate. He changed immediately from his usual paleness to a deep ash colour; his eyes sunk in his head, and were covered with a thick film, so as to obstruct his vision; and his body, animated alone by a perpetual shaking, appeared ready to sink on the ground. He could only say, "Thou darest not, Colonel Snell; for thy life thou darest not;" when his

fears wholly overpowering him, he sank, to all appearance lifeless, in the arms of the serjeant. Tims, and several of the more fanatical soldiers who stood around, though dreading to divert the wrath of their tyrant from its object to their own heads, could not forbear to express, by their uplifted hands and spiritual suffering, an exemplification of their horror and commiseration; but the Germans and troopers of his own regiment (who, like their master, cared no more for religion than religion cared for them,) heartily enjoyed the spectacle; and when the orator fainted, gave a loose to their glee in peals of laughter. At the Colonel's order, they raised Barebone in their arms, and bore him out of the hall into the open space before the hostel door, and when he recovered from the state of insensibility which his fears had thrown him into, he found himself bound to the sign-post. In his front, at the distance of a few yards, a file of carbineers were drawn up, seemingly waiting but for the word

of command to rid him of existence.— The Colonel stood a few paces to their right, watching, with a smile of triumphant derision, the agonies of his victim. At this sight the orator lost all courage, all dignity, even all scriptural expression; he threw his arms towards the Colonel, with a look of despair, crying, "Save me, save me; spare my life, Colonel; and my gratitude shall be everlasting."

"Take aim," said the Colonel, wholly unmoved by the mortal sufferings of the orator, who seemed ready to expire with fear.—The soldiers raised their carbines to the aim.

"Oh, God preserve me!" exclaimed Barebone, as he again sunk insensible on the ropes which supported him.

The Colonel, who thought the punishment the orator had received now somewhat adequate to his offence, ordered his immediate release. The soldiers therefore unbound and conveyed him, still senseless, into the inn. The second fit of fainting which had seized him was of

such convulsive strength, that it was some time before Praise-God seemed likely to revive, and when he did so, it was by gradations so slow that they were scarcely perceptible. Snell, at first, fancied he was dead — a consummation he by no means desired: on the contrary, he thought proper to use every remedy, and exert every method to resuscitate the orator; and in order to quicken the circulation of the blood, which was stagnated in his veins, he ordered Mr. Zachariah Tims to pour a bumper of brandy down his throat, by the help of which, and other applications, Barebone was enabled to open his eyes. When informed it was the intention of the Colonel to spare his life, he was in as much danger of being bereft of his senses with joy, as he had been with fear: the blood which terror had curdled round his heart, rushed into his head with a suffocating impetuosity, and would have been of fatal consequence, had he not been relieved by a violent flood of tears: he knelt down before his tormentor, and

raising his hands, cried aloud, "I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation: I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

A flash of lightning at this moment illuminated the hall, which was succeeded by a tremendous clap of thunder. Barebone instantly arose from his humiliating posture: the denunciation of heaven appeared to his superstitious mind an omen of impending wrath for having stooped to an attitude of adoration before the professed enemy of God's elect. He still feared to discover his feelings to Snell, whose power he now knew and appreciated: but seating himself in the large wicker chair, which he had occupied before the late discussion, and covering his face with his hands, he seemed inwardly to ruminate his escape from a peril so imminent. The Colonel wrapped himself in his military cloak, and drawing the settle into a recess near the fireplace, threw himself upon it at full length.

The soldiers reclined around their chief, upon the benches attached to the sides of the hall, and soon lost all remembrance in slumbers, which the storm, now commencing with extravagant wildness, had it not in its power to disturb. Mr. Tims was the only person in the house upon whom the drowsy god had not set his poppy seal: an insatiable curiosity was one of the qualities, *si bonne, si mauvaise*, of this worthy publican; and it was to the gratification of this delectable propensity that he had conceded his hours of repose. He had perceived, by the interview of the Colonel and Barebone, that something of importance was in the wind; and, as he was absent when Snell read the proclamation, his suspicion was highly augmented by the departure of the troops. Contrary to custom, the soldiers remained in bivouac around the hall, and the Colonel and his friend did not retire to their apartments; he therefore fully concluded they had some reason worth knowing for a conduct so extraordinary. Af-

ter a long debate, within himself, upon what could be their motives, in which he canvassed all possible reasons, past, present, and to come, without, in any one point, coming to a satisfactory conclusion, Tims resolved, by positive demonstration, to clear up the mystery; and for that purpose to sit up with his military guests. Having removed the table, upon which the Colonel and Barebone had taken their repast, he cautiously introduced his chair (the counterpart of that which contained the Speaker) in its place; that is to say, exactly before the fire, and seemed disposed to take advantage of his comfortable situation as a compensation for the absence of his usual dormitory. But the elements were little disposed to make any concessions to Mr. Tims. He had no sooner composed himself into a doze, than the wind, mounted on his most mettlesome Pegasus, attacked the signum, or ensign, of his caravansera, which, after storming with great fury, the northern monarch, highly irritated at the

defence made by old Nol, (for the Protector himself graced with his countenance the hostel of our landlord,) by an admirable exertion of his fury, dashed his Highness to the ground, and shivered him to atoms. Tremendous was the fall, and direful was the clang, as one corner of his head rang against the iron-nailed door of the inn. In a moment were the slumbers of Tims dissipated, while amazement sat on his countenance, already mortified by the certainty of his having to purchase a new Protector.

The hubbub caused by the recent downfal, not only alarmed the person most concerned, to wit, Mr. Tims, but also disturbed several of the soldiers, who perceiving all quiet, muttered a few prayers or curses, each according to his practice, and turned again to rest. The Colonel slept soundly, notwithstanding the uproar of the storm without, and the loud drone of the orator's nasal organ within; the latter of which fully bespoke his past vexations buried in sleepy forget-

fulness. The landlord, it was apparent, did not desire to remain the only watcher of the bickering blaze; on the contrary, he applied himself with intense application to sleep, using each position, attitude, and posture, likely to attract the somniferous deity.

In the meantime, wind, rain, and hail, either alternately or in conjunction, endeavoured, with Gothic fury, to annihilate the fairest works of nature: the former, wailing like the spirit of Loda, showed itself equally infuriated and much more terrible in the prosecution of its rage; while the latter, pelting as if the heavens had been congealed, and were now in a thaw, not only destroyed in its descent the foliage of the autumn, but swelled into a sea the petty river of Mersey.

Mr. Tims had nearly attained his "consummation devoutly to be wished," of falling asleep, when, during an intermittency of the wind, he fancied he could distinguish the galloping of horses: he

roused himself, and listened with attention: "Perhaps," said he to himself, "the riders may in some way be connected with the watching of the Colonel — who, but those on business of importance, would ride abroad on a night like this?"

The noise of the elements again increasing, put an end to the landlord's hope of being fully convinced: he resumed his recumbent posture; but he had hardly time to fix the disposition of his legs, when he was again aroused by the clattering of horses' feet on the hard pavement leading to his house; and presently the hostel rang with the reverberating strokes of those without on the huge rapper of his portal, accompanied with a loud "hillio, hillio." At this noise, sufficient in verity to have awakened the most imperturbable sleeper that ever closed eyes, the Colonel sprang on his feet, and was joined by the men under his command. He imagined those who had disturbed his rest were the soldiers

returning from the expedition on which he had commanded them, and ordered the door to be opened for their admittance. When the injunction was complied with by Mr. Tims, there entered, not Sergeant Bramwell and his file, but, to the astonishment of Snell and his comrades, a young lady, closely muffled, in a large riding cloak, so as to conceal every part of her person, attended by a middle-aged man, of military appearance, who, by his northern tongue, was soon recognised as a Scotsman. After conducting his companion to the fire, which he did without ceremony, as well as put her in possession of Mr. Tims's arm-chair, he returned to the door, where he had left that personage in charge of the horses, "in order," as he expressed himself, "to see that the puir creatures were weel suppered, after gangin' ae gate sae lang in ae stormy night. Bide ae wee, lassie," he continued; "I shall return till ye in ae star twinkle."

So saying, he joined Mr. Tims, and, with his assistance, led his dumb favourites to the stables, where we shall leave them, to return to the lady.

## CHAP. IV.

Had you but seen her in that fearful circle;
So calm, so tranquil, and magnanimous;—
What 'twixt her beauty, and her gallant spirit,
You would have held her something more than mortal.

*Siege of Candy.*

THE soldiers, at a sign from their commander, had retired to the farther part of the hall; and the Colonel and Mr. Barebone abandoned their positions, so as to leave the fire-place free and unoccupied to the female stranger. Her cloak, drenched with rain, she drew off, as well as a furred cap, which confined her hair from sporting on the breeze. When disencumbered of her riding dress, and the elegant lightness of her figure (clothed in a close cloth habit) could perfectly be distinguished, Snell, who had become a perfect debauchee since his arrival at a

command, and was therefore a connoisseur in ladies of another description, swore she was the finest woman his eyes had ever seen. Indeed, at the first glance, the Colonel imagined he had seen her before; but his memory, though taxed to the uttermost, could not supply him with the when nor where; and he at length concluded that he was deceived by some general resemblance. It was apparent she was not a stranger to sorrow, for there was a cast of melancholy on her enchanting features, which, though not quite in character for a person so young, seemed to fit their tone of expression perfectly *a-propos*. Though surrounded with soldiers, at this time, a species of men little celebrated for courtesy to the fair sex, yet serene and unruffled, her countenance preserved its equanimity, and in no way altered, but by a slight yet expressive smile, accompanied by a graceful inclination of the body to the Colonel and Barebone, on their giving up their seats.

Snell, struck with admiration at her charms, and emboldened by the frankness of her manner, advanced a few paces nearer than his companions, and, in the form of an apology, told her, "that he was highly chagrined at not being able to surrender the hall wholly to her privacy; but important business of the Commonwealth had enforced him to place a picquet there, with whom he was himself compelled *faire le guet* until morning."

The fair stranger interrupted the gallant speech of the Colonel, by requesting he would make no apology for doing his duty. "I shall not remain here long," added she: "as soon as the storm ceases, and our horses are refreshed, we shall pursue our journey."

"That will be impossible," said Bond; "the waters from Derby Hills, increased by such a hurricane as this, will have overflowed the country, and before now rendered the passes impracticable. Besides, each bridge across the river, if you

travel that way, is guarded, the country being in a state of insurrection, and no one can pass but by my leave."

"We shall be obliged till ye for the bit passport then," said the Scotsman, who had entered the hostel, and approached them, unperceived by Snell. He held out his hand, apparently in expectation of receiving the printed placard, with which officers, in the Colonel's situation, are usually provided. The latter had, for the first time, an opportunity of viewing, without disguise, the person of his addresser, (for he had raised the barred beaver of his morion,) and he did so for some moments without withdrawing his eyes. Snell's piercing look indicated a desire of communicating a portion of the awe with which he usually succeeded in inspiring others, less high in commission than himself; but in this instance his customary success failed him: the North Briton returned his inquiring stare perfectly unabashed. He could not be called handsome, yet a face, composed of pro-

minent and dark features, in which was thrown a strong cast of keen expression, a form of the middle size, but unusually bony and muscular, in which might at once be remarked strength and activity, gave the man a martial appearance. Instead of a cuirass, he wore a buff coat, mailed with plates of steel, so as entirely to cover it, and forming a defence against any thing but ball: the rest of his equipments, helmet, cuishes, and jack-boots, were the same as those commonly worn by an officer of cuirassiers: his belt supported a long basket-hilted *Andrea Ferrara*, and a brace of holster pistols, richly mounted with silver, completing the exterior of this personage.

"Before I can grant you a passport," returned Snell to his request, "I must know whence you came, whither you go, your names, quality, and abiding."

"Were ye ever ayont Tweed?" said the stranger.

"Frequently," answered Snell: "but why do you ask?"

"Because," pursued the Scot, "gin ye ha'e, ye'll may be ha'e kent that it's no the practice of Scottish men to mak' a' sorts o' loons acquent wi' their secresies."

The cool, sarcastic manner in which these words were uttered, drew the life-blood from the cheeks of Snell; but rage, in a moment, sent it back with double violence.

"Hark ye, Mr. Marchman," cried Snell, fiercely, "did you ever see a gibbet?"

"It's my belief I may ha'e seen mony," replied the Scot, with the most insufferable sang froid, "when ye, Colonel Snell, were governor of Edinbro'; the red bleid of thousands wails on ye for vengeance, and it winna wail in vain. Tak' tent, my bonnie laddie; tak' tent, or ye'll aiblins tine yer head ane o' these days."

This threat, which would have increased the fever of passion in a man of ordinary sensations, calmed, in a moment, the rage of the Colonel; but that calmness, imbued with the desperate feature

of malignant ferocity, sufficiently spoke his feelings to such as, like Barebone, had felt the measure of their inveteracy. The hours of transport and of passion were, to Snell, the hours of dalliance and of pastime; never, but in cases of emergency and danger, was he perfectly calm and immoveable. The orator trembled with terror at the leer of dreadful meaning which Snell cast upon the stranger. The female who accompanied him, apparently, thought also that her friend had spoken too hastily, for she implored him to be silent.

"For my sake, Willie," said she, "rest in peace."

"De'il hae me," rejoined her companion, "gin there's anither tongue wad gar me be silent but yer ain; an' why should I, when a' the warl' kens there's ae feud atween us."

Snell smiled with contempt at these words; but the lady seemed ready to sink with agitation. "Have you no fear, no recollection where we are?" said she.

"Fear!" echoed the Scot. "When did ye ken of fear in an Armstrong, my leddy; an' maist of a' when did ye ken it in me? By the sauls of my riding forbears, were this colonel and ten or twal' Round-heads at his back, on the border, an' I in ken, I'd gie the bonnie naig that has carried me sae weel frae the mosses of Liddesdale."

"Armstrong!" muttered the Colonel, as he seemed to run over in his mind's eye a succession of events. "No, it cannot, and yet it must;" then catching at his baptismal appellation, which he had heard used by the female, conviction rushed at once upon his idea, and he burst into a loud laugh of triumphant hatred. With an expression of determined resentment in his eye, he approached the undaunted borderer: "Are not you," said he, "the felonious thief, the vile incendiary, who set fire to Holyrood when I abided there, and, in the disturbance, carried off my horses?"

"Thief!" returned the moss-trooper,

scarcely giving Snell time to end his sentence, and with a voice loud enough to rend the rafters of the house-top. "Thief! —the de'il burn yer fause tongue out for the word; gin the firing the hold, an' harrying the cattle of your house's foe be called robbery an' theft, what remedy maun ae gentleman tak' for the satisfaction of his feud? ye ha'e been ae bitter curse to my kith an' ken. Twenty better men than yersel, wha are but vassal an' churl bred, hae ye hang'd without trial or appeal, an' the bleid of an Armstrong never sank intill the ground without revenge."

"There wanted but this confession to determine my line of proceeding, Mr. Barebone," said he, turning to the orator; "you have heard the admission of this man; his crime would condemn him, in a court of justice, to a more ignominious death than he will meet with from me. I respect his courage; he shall, therefore, die as a brave man — Soldiers, seize him."

At the order of their commander, the

men approached the borderer, in order to disarm and bind him; but the female, who had, during the above short interchange of words, stood aghast and speechless, now rushed between her attendant and the soldiers, and in the most piercing accents besought Snell to pardon his imprudence. "His breeding has been rough, Colonel," added she; "he is not used to the forms of ceremony; but his heart is warm and generous: let me intreat you to pass over his angry expressions."

Snell strove, with his utmost courtesy, to answer the pleadings of the lovely creature before him; but excused himself upon political considerations. "I do not pretend to have any personal feud with the man," said he, affecting in mockery the borderer's words; "he is beneath my consideration —"

Armstrong groaned deeply.

"But," proceeded Snell, "I should wholly neglect the duty I owe to his Highness the Protector, and the Com-

monwealth, were I to let such a pest to the northern counties, as this man is, escape the doom he merits. He ought to thank me that I do not send him to prison, where, after lying months in a dungeon, he would make his finish on the gallows-tree."

"You reject my supplications!" exclaimed the lady. The Colonel looked at her with passion the most ardent, and seizing her hand, said, in a voice so low, that those around could not hear him: "You cannot doubt my will to oblige you, most enchanting beauty! On my soul, I would lay my life at your feet, but I cannot now retract; he must die, I have said the word; fear not, I will be your protector."

The flush of virtuous indignation mantled into the lady's cheek; she tossed away his hand with the most indignant scorn, and drawing a paper from her breast, replied, "Since honour does not forbid you, though a soldier, to bereave the weak and helpless of their sole aid and sup-

port, I must apply to a more powerful intercessor: be pleased to peruse this paper." She handed it to him with a dignity surprising in a form so youthful, and fixed her eyes steadfastly on him whilst he perused it.

Lieutenant Armstrong had, whilst his fair counsel pleaded for him, cocked his pistols, drawn his sword, and made himself ready for defence; symptoms of warfare by no means pleasant to the soldiers, who had, with one accord, halted at the first word uttered by the lady. Upon her presenting the paper, Snell signified to them to retire, and await his decision; during the time in which he was occupied with reading the scroll, Armstrong seated himself in the chair of Mr. Barebone, and drawing figures with the point of his claymore on the sanded floor, seemed the only party uninterested in the passing events. Snell, again and again, read over the writing which the lady had put into his hand; he mused, and repeated his perusal: fixing his eyes upon the *protégé*

of the borderer, with a glance calculated to search into her soul, he said, "this writing appears to be a mandate or passport from the Regent of Scotland, General Monk, enjoining all officers of the Commonwealth to suffer and further the travel of William Armstrong, of Harryweel, and his companion, without in any manner attempting their delay. I am under so many obligations to the General, that I must needs do all in my power to serve and obey him. In order to show you the respect I bear the noble Regent, I will not only cease to delay your journey, but will serve ye with the means of rendering it safe from further molestation. A troop of my horse shall escort ye to the end of your destination. Stodard! see the horses saddled and ready for the reveillie."

With these last words, he cast an enquiring eye upon the travellers, who as eagerly surveyed each other; but the distant discharge of fire-arms not only withdrew the Colonel's attention from

them, but seemed to rivet it as intensely upon another object.

It may have appeared singular to our readers that Snell, who had been in many actions, and even in personal conferences with Armstrong, should not have recognized him; but it must be recollected, that whenever they so met, each of them was completely armed, and consequently wore the beaver of his helmet down, which entirely concealed the lower part of the face. L. G.

## CHAP. V.

"No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster."
*Third Part of Hen. VI.*

THE Colonel listened with anxiety for a repetition of the firing; but it had ceased with the first discharge, or was drowned in the boisterous tumult of the elements. He opened the lattice of the window, that he might hear more distinctly: in vain; he heard nothing but the violent rush of the swollen stream as it tumbled with deep murmurs down the cataract. He paced the hall with hasty strides, and then, turning to Barebone, said, as if doubting his own sensations, "It was surely the sound of musketry?"

"Ay, ay," replied Armstrong, ap-

proaching the window, "there's ae wee bit of firing up the burnie."

The lady seemed alarmed, and the worthy Praise-God's courage was not of better quality; he muttered to himself, "The Lord protect us!" and resuming possession of his chair, he again closed his eyes, to conceal his agitation. Armstrong leaned on the window, still watching the labour of the moon, which began to cast a dim ray upon the close of the storm. As the lightening and thunder ceased, and the rain fell less fast, the darkness began to abate, and "the queen of night," struggling to throw off the clouds which enveloped her, shed a clearer and more transparent light. The wind, also, when unsupported by his dreadful allies, joined in their retreat, and left the field to the milder influence of the refulgent power. The scene reminded Armstrong of the glens and creaghs, and the rushing streams of his native country; and the complexion of the climate told the history of many an evening

when he had beaten up the lair of the Roebuck on Cheviot Fells. He seemed, at this moment, occupied in the retrospection of such events, for, with his face turned up towards the sky, he whistled the burthen of a border hunting song; and, after some moments, in a strain at which the military psalm-singers were much scandalized, sung,

" Auld Dacre rad the black,
An' the De'il rad the grey,
There ne'er was seen sic spurring wark,
As o' Che'iots hill that day."

"Eh!" said he, breaking from his song, "what gars yon coble on the burnie in siccan ae gloamin' as this? whaiver it belangs till, fishes in troubled waters I ken."

"What mean you?" said Snell, approaching him.

"The coble, or fishing-smack, as ye ca' em—by Saint Hubert, nae; its nae coble after a'. Look ayont the Heaugh Head on the burnie, it's floatin' wi' the stream. I believe i' my saul it's the brig."

"The bridge!" exclaimed Snell, "impossible."

"No the stone brig," replied Armstrong; "it stands stalwart eneugh, in its auld place, an' wull do for mony a year, gin ye dinna ding it down. It's the brig of some pass higher up the burn."

"The flood is tremendous," said Snell.

"It wails amaist like Corra Linn," rejoined the Scot.

The conversation of these two warriors was broken off by the shrill note of a trumpet, at which the borderer was no little surprised. The countenance of Snell indicated the swell of triumph; that of Barebone, a mixed feeling of joy and alarm; whilst the visages of the soldiers, who flocked to the door, expressed anxiety and attention. Mr. Tims, now fancying his curiosity somewhat near gratification, joined Armstrong at the window, and, as he expected, a picquet of soldiers made their appearance on the nearer bank of the river, and marched point-blank on the hostel. Snell, followed

by Barebone, Tims, and the soldiers, went out to meet them; but Armstrong kept his post at the window. The storm had entirely ceased, and the moon, undisguised by a single cloud, shone with unrivalled lustre. The file drew up in front of the house, and in the midst, Armstrong, whose curiosity was now as great as that of the publican, descried a man, whom he soon recognised to be Sydenham, pinioned and guarded. Snell advanced to their head with the question, "Where is Bramwell?"

The Scotsman, whom our readers may recognise as no other than the corporal, who had taken the command of the file upon that devout subaltern's decease, came forward, and with a military reverence to the Colonel, replied, "The desperate chiel that we ha'e got here in band, clean blew out his harns."

"I see another man missing; where is he?" said Snell.

"He crappit his head wi' his braid sword," replied Macrae.

Snell took him on one side, and, after

some conversation, ordered the prisoner to be conveyed into the house. "And comrades," said he, "I have given Macrae an order for the reward, to be divided equally among ye."

The Colonel, Barebone, and soldiers escorting Sydenham, entered the house, where Armstrong and the lady were engaged in deep and vehement argument; but on being interrupted, they were instantly silent. The hall was now changed in its appearance, for, in this short time, it had, by the exertions of the soldiers, assumed the appearance of a court of justice. The lady, with Armstrong at her side, still retained her seat near the fire; adjoining her sat Colonel Snell, with his back towards that element; on his left was the orator; and in his front was placed a table, at the extremity of which sat Sydenham, surrounded with a double file of soldiers. The exhausted state of his body, arising from the almost supernatural exertions he had made to escape, and which had been augmented by his

being forced to march with his arms pinioned, combined, with the distressed state of his mind, to give Sydenham a pale and dejected look: but it was not the look of fear or apprehension, for although the little strength he had was scarcely sufficient to support him upright on his seat, yet the proud glance of his eye on his insulting victor, that victor who, in the old time, had been the vassal of his house, proved his courage resolute and indomitable. Though Snell was wholly devoid of every portion of commiseration or humanity for any victim within his power, he yet retained that respect for the courage and talents of Colonel Sydenham, which every soldier will pay, as due, to a brave enemy in misfortune. Perhaps he felt some remaining reverence for the blood of his feudal lord, when prosperity had unbound the vulture, Envy, from his heart. He instantly commanded the soldiers to unbind the prisoner; a favour which Sydenham acknowledged by a slight inclination

of the head. Had lord and vassal been the only points of distinction between these experienced and gallant soldiers, Snell, who had cut himself a way to fame and fortune, might have sustained his new dignity without any feelings of self-abasement; —but, when he saw before him a man, whom, by ties until now held dear and sacred, he was bound to honour, and with his life protect, his guarded prisoner, and reflected upon the fate to which he was about to deliver him, he quailed and shrank, though surrounded with his satellites, and almost absolute disposer of life and death to all around, before the calm placid look of his victim. At length, bringing all his assurance to his aid, Snell addressed the Colonel: "Colonel Sydenham," said he,—"apart from your having been outlawed as a rebel in espousing the fallen fortunes of the House of Stuart, for which you are at this moment amenable to the laws, I learn from my corporal that you have been taken in open rebellion, and that

the blood of two of my soldiers is now reeking on your hands. You are aware that by the laws of war I might summon a court-martial, and try you by military commission for this heinous deed; the result of which would, without question, be the sacrifice of your life."

Sydenham smiled incredulously.

"His Highness the Protector," proceeded Bond, "notwithstanding this rebellion against his authority, this disturbance of the peace of the Commonwealth, and the slaughter of his soldiers, is unwilling to deal unmercifully with you; in fact, he respects your courage, and would willingly save your life."

"Proceed, Sir," said Sydenham, his brow lowering from expectation of what was to follow.

"I say," repeated Snell, "his Highness wishes to save your life, and will, therefore, on your abjuration of the hopeless cause you are engaged in, and your confiding to him the names of your associates in the revolution you meditated, not

only grant you life, liberty, and estate, but give you a much higher commission in the army of the Commonwealth than you enjoy in the pretended one of your effeminate master."

"And the alternative?" said Sydenham.

"Is this," replied Snell; "on your rejection of his proffered mercy, he will pursue you with the deadliest resources of his resentment. You will die, not by the arms of brave soldiers, but hunted through the labyrinth of the law; he will hold you up as a terrible spectacle to the infatuated dotards your superficial policy has stirred up against him; and instead of receiving a honourable ball through your head, your body, Colonel Sydenham, suspended by a halter, will swing on the gallows."

"And that gallows," exclaimed Sydenham, "shall be welcomed as the cross of honour's martyrdom. Willingly, most willingly, will I devote myself for my sovereign's service. Did I not know that

you were as far from appreciating as you are from possessing the feelings of a man of honour, I would ask you, how you could place any faith on the word of a wretch, who should basely sell his friends and comrades to death? But I can excuse Colonel Snell," continued he, more calmly, but with a look exquisitely pointed; "a rebellious vassal knows no honour; and if he were capable of being taught, the ranks of a regicide's army are not the school of honour's code."

Snell, at these words, seemed strangely disturbed; the red flush of passion flashed in his dark cheek repeatedly, and he, for some moments, appeared choked with agitation; yet striving, as much as possible, to quell the storm within his breast, he addressed Sydenham, with his eye intently fixed upon him: "Colonel Sydenham! in the reign of our late tyrant, I was, let the world know it, the born vassal of your house; I was poor, I was wretched, my merit unnoticed, my fidelity neglected, my services unrewarded;

had the reign of the Stuarts continued, I might have been a villain now. The tables were turned; I entered into the service of the Commonwealth, and mark the change: my commander saw my zeal, prized my talent, and gave me rapid promotion: I became independent, trusted, in short, what I am. My sword, and my heart, and my strength, and my life, are my benefactor's; with him I will stand or fall, and he that would do otherwise is a coward and a villain."

"True, true, most true," reiterated Sydenham; "the man who would desert his benefactor in distress deserves every opprobrium. Such a benefactor has Charles, my sovereign, been to me, and may Heaven desert me when I abandon his cause. You had best pursue your instructions without delay."

Snell, in his warmth, had forgotten that he was using arguments which his opponent could turn against him: he was amazed and confounded. After a short study, he rose, and making a sign to Bare-

bone, they retired to the farther part of the hall, where they held a lengthened and earnest conference.

In the mean time, Armstrong, who had stood, from the first moment of Sydenham's arrival, before the lady, so as to conceal her from his eye, now sidled towards his old friend, and being, as it were, a privileged man, bearing the passport of General Monk, was not opposed by the soldiers. He addressed Sydenham in a compassionate accent, saying, "Ye're in sair honds, noble Colonel."

Sydenham turned to the philanthropist who had dared to commiserate his situation in the face of his vindictive foes, and was immediately struck with the well-known features of the Lieutenant. Armstrong laid his finger on his mouth, an indication of silence, of the necessity of which the Colonel was fully aware.

"I should not repine at my lot," said he, as if replying to the borderer, "were I assured of the safety of my friends;"—with these words he surveyed Armstrong

with an expressive look, to which the moss-trooper replied by an affirmative smile — an assurance which seemed to invigorate him. Armstrong appeared to revolve in his mind a means of conveying to Sydenham, without the observation of those around, some secret of importance; he scrutinized Snell and Barebone, who were still in deep conversation at the extremity of the hall, and perceiving the guards more occupied in discussing with one another the issue of this scene, than in attending to the prisoner, he bent cautiously towards his friend, and speaking in a very low tone, and with a pronunciation and grammatical accuracy by no means admirable, he said, " Elle est ici!" "Qui?" said Sydenham, in a voice scarcely audible. " Prenez garde," whispered Armstrong; " nous sommes soupçonné, mais à present nous sommes en sureté."

" De qui est-ce que vous parlez?" returned Sydenham, impatiently.

" De qui? de Madame votre femme."

"Ma femme!" cried Sydenham, raising his hands. "Bon Dieu! où est-elle?" exclaimed he, with agitation; and directing his eyes towards the chimney nook, he there beheld his wife leaning back in her chair, with her head muffled in her mantle. Sydenham, after gazing at her some moments with inexpressible emotion, withdrew his eyes, lest their direction should be watched by Snell and his associates, fearful, should their relation be discovered, the event might involve her in his fortune. He turned again to Armstrong, "Comment se porte Madame, bien, vous dites?"

"Tres bien," answered the borderer.

He was about to put some other question to the moss-trooper, when Snell and his companion returned to their seats.

"Taisez-vous," cried Armstrong, and retired to his place by the fire.

Snell gave Sydenham no time for reflection on what might be the result of his and Barebone's consultation, but seating himself in his place of ceremony,

and laying his commission on the table, he again addressed the prisoner: "I have thought proper, Colonel Sydenham," said he, "on a matter of so much importance to the state as the one before me, to associate with myself Mr. Barebone, one of his Highness's council, in deliberating on the measures which should be pursued. It is his opinion, as well as my own, that death will be your portion; but I would concede to the soldier (though the man is my enemy) the choice of being tried here by military commission, or of proceeding to Chester, and running your chance with the commissioners. I forewarn you, however, (if you should adopt the former alternative,) that the sense of my officers is hostile to you. They hold you at a deadly issue, and your conviction were certain."

"Thy only hope," said the orator, "resteth with those men of Mammon, the lawyers."

"If a soldier may grieve for ought," continued Snell, "it is to see a brave

man fall elsewhere than in the tide of battle. If I further your safety now, Colonel, it is with the hope of meeting you in the field, sword in hand, at the head of your regiment. Decide, if you please, that I may take my measures."

Snell, though an illiterate man, was sufficiently gifted with that penetration and forethought, without which learning is a dead letter. If not a man of genius, he had considerable talents; and, with a happiness to which few can attain, he knew the best methods for their disposition. In the instance before us, he had calculated to a nicety the odium which the death of a man so greatly admired as Sydenham was, and the son of his feodal superior, would bring upon him, not only now, but also in the event of a counter-revolution; and he judged it better that Sydenham should be delivered up to the legal authorities, by which action he would equally attain the praise of Cromwell, than that he should perish by a court-martial, of which he, of ne-

cessity, must be the president. Hence arose his pretended unwillingness to try Sydenham by military commission, and his recommendation to that gallant officer to abide the decision of a court of justice, the decree of which, he was certain, would be equally fatal with that of a military council. However, he attained his end; Sydenham was blinded by his apparent candour, and soldier-like enmity; and, after thanking him for the pains he took to serve him, which he promised, should an opportunity arrive, to recollect, he professed his intention of putting himself upon the judgment of the law commissioners.

"You decide well," said Snell; "and since this point is settled, it is time you take some refreshment. Tinis, replenish the table."

At the word of command, the publican bestirred himself with great activity; and, in a few minutes, the table assumed an appearance equal to that which it had manifested on the arrival of

the orator. Whilst Sydenham quietly partook of the meal before him, Snell seemed absorbed in reflection — he was, in fact, considering whether it were most expedient to dispatch Sydenham on his way to Chester immediately, or wait until the morning. He was of the former mind, fearing lest his officers should murmur at the prisoner not being tried by a court-martial; whilst, on the other hand, the troop which had taken him were not in a condition to proceed on so long a march without refreshment from their fatigues; and he was unwilling to disgust those who had so well served him, by appointing another picquet in their stead; the latter considerations preponderated, and he resolved, at all hazards, to wait until morning.

"You will be ready, Macrae, with your company," said Snell, "to convey Colonel Sydenham to Chester; and let your captain have notice to-night, that he may be prepared to march when the morning guard turns out."

Macrae made a sign of obedience, and

Armstrong, who had, for the last half hour, been talking with the lady in a low voice, (both their backs being turned upon the company,) looked round for a moment, with an inquisitive glance, and then renewed his conversation with redoubled ardour.

At the close of the repast, Snell apologised for requesting that Sydenham would retire to rest; "in order," said he, "that yourself and the troop may recruit for the morning's march."

Sydenham immediately complied: he rose, and was slowly retiring, with his eyes fixed upon his wife, when Armstrong, notwithstanding the frowns of Snell, caught hold of his hand, "Fare ye weel, fare ye weel, Colonel! keep yer spirit — there are mony days of glee for ye yet, we'se hope, in spite of these callants."

"Colonel!" said Snell.

"I obey," replied Sydenham, squeezing the hand of his old friend, who returned the clasp tenfold.

"Though the night is mirky," continued Armstrong, "to-morrow's dawn may show an unclouded sun."

Sydenham again squeezed his hand, (a signification that he fully understood him, and would not despair whilst he was at liberty,) and left the room, followed by the guard.

When he had departed, Snell addressed himself to the moss-trooper, saying, "He was sorry the escort he had promised could not now attend them, as he might perçeive the Protector's service had need of his greatest strength. At the same time," said he, "I am under the necessity of commanding your instant departure. I have observed your ill-concealed pity for the prisoner, and lest you should attempt any mischief, you must quit my quarters. Stodard! order the horses."

The serjeant disappeared to execute his colonel's commands, whilst Amstrong, without taking any notice of Snell, assisted the lady to resume her cloak. He then buckled his helmet beneath his chin,

drew on his dreadnought, and led the lady to the door. She then stopped, and made a formal curtsey to the Colonel. Snell bowed very low in return, and striding, with military haughtiness, up to Armstrong, he addressed him calmly, but severely: " Lieutenant Armstrong, for this time, thanks to your good fortune, you have escaped ; but beware how you cross my path again. Let me once catch you tripping, and either your head or mine—"

" An' I gage ye my honour, Colonel Snell," cried the moss-trooper, " gin I meet ye where there's nae hond to let us, be it on Derby hills, or the heather of Scotland, ae sax foot of ground shall be the bed of ane or baith."

Armstrong then departed with Lady Sydenham: Snell watched them mount, and pass the bridge! The beat of their horses' hoofs upon the hard ground grew gradually fainter, until it was wholly lost in the murmurs of the river. Snell retired to rest, ordering the troop to follow his example.

## CHAP. VI.

"Be hush'd, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be firm as a rock of the ocean, that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore."

CAMPBELL.

SYDENHAM retired to sleep, but not to rest; the wild and tumultuous succession of events in which he had acted a part on this memorable day banished all thoughts of quiet repose. In vain he invoked the blessed oblivion, the paradise of fools; he fancied himself still surrounded by the desperate soldiers of Cromwell; again he exerted the nerve of his arm, and the weight of his broad-sword; again he dragged the obstinate Round-heads into the caves of the river: but the least rattle of the window, when agitated by the wind, broke his short slumbers, and showed him where he was. A man of less

determined courage would, in his situation, have suspended his agitations, with his body, assisted by the bed-cord. But Sydenham was a soldier; he had calculated upon meeting dangers and trials in the situation which he held; but he was determined to meet them bravely, and if fate had marked him early on the roll of her heroes, he was resolved to lose his life at his post, and not to be reckoned a deserter from the duties he had undertaken. His life was his sovereign's, not his own, and it was for his benefit alone, that Sydenham considered it was worth preserving. On the contrary, day-break found him ruminating in silence; but apparently, the subject of his thoughts was of a more tender nature than his professional duties; for he held in his hand the portrait of his wife, and as he surveyed its lineaments, deep sighs burst from his overcharged breast. The rough soldier was now softened into the tenderness of feminine emotion; and he who had been used to be the first breaker in

the tide of battle, now shed tears like "a sick girl."

He was roused from this lethargy of grief by the burst of the bugle; the signal for the soldiers to saddle and prepare for march; and, shortly after, he received a summons, to the same purport, from Colonel Snell. Sydenham immediately used every endeavour to shake off the appearance of dejection, and succeeded so well, that when he descended to the common hall, Snell was evidently struck with the uncommon majesty, and "*air guerrier,*" of his figure. He was about the same height, and nearly of the same make as his opponent; but he had acquired that elegance of demeanour, which can alone be learned in the court circle, and in which Snell was, therefore, necessarily deficient. It was with considerable difficulty, that the latter was able to gulp down, in silence, the envy which rose in his throat; but, though it nearly suffocated him, he endeavoured to preserve the appearance of

attentive politeness to his prisoner, enquiring after his rest, with the usual compliments. He then ordered breakfast, which our hero did not think fit to refuse; but, for a man under such perilous circumstances, performed his part in the ceremony of *déjeûné*, to the admiration even of Barebone, who put himself out of the way, by rising earlier than his custom, to honour the departure of this celebrated cavalier. When Sydenham had finished, and was about to depart; the orator rose also, and walking slowly up, thus addressed him: "Though thou hast strayed away like a lost sheep, hearkening after vain idolatries, and hast walked in crooked paths; though thou dost bow thy knee to a King who is worse than Og, the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, nay, even like unto Pharoah, King of Egypt, whose heart was hardened against the people of the Lord, yet I will remember thee in thy low estate, and will admonish thee in thy distress. Re-

member the fate of the tyrant Charles; his crown was profaned, it was cast unto the ground; his hedges were broken down, and his strong holds brought to ruin; all that passed by the way spoiled him, and he was a reproach unto his neighbours.

"The Lord set up the right hand of his adversaries, and made all his enemies rejoice; the Lord turned the edge of his sword, and made him give way in battle. He made his glory to cease, and cast his throne down upon the ground. The days of his youth did he shorten, and he did cover him with shame;—and though all these things did he do, and more, yet are your hearts hardened, as in the day of temptation in the wilderness. I will come upon you, saith the Lord, like a tempest; I will pursue you as it were a devouring fire; there shall not one of ye escape from the wrath of my indignation."

He was pursuing the stream of his declamation, when Sydenham (who had

been bred in the too liberal school of Charles,) gave a loose to his laughter, which he had restrained hitherto, with great difficulty, and in which he was ably supported by Snell, Macrae, and the stipendiaries. Their "*eclats de rive*" put an end to the eloquence of Mr. Barebone, who, casting a look of reproach upon Sydenham, walked away with a very dogged countenance.

Snell then ordered out the troop, together with one of his own chargers for his prisoner. After a few minutes conversation with Grothuysen, the captain of the guard, (whom he had called aside,) in which he appeared to give the directions of the march, he advanced to the Colonel: "Grey Worcester will carry you well, Colonel Sydenham; but I am telling you an old story, — you have met before."

"How so?" replied Sydenham.

"You recollect the horse which Charles Stuart rode at Worcester?"

"My Sovereign?" said Sydenham in surprise.

"He fell into my hands in the pursuit; I found him near the spot where Charles Stuart is said to have quitted that party of horse which followed him in the rout; and from the supposition that your master could not have long abandoned his saddle, (for the horse was recognised to have been his,) a strict search in the woods was ordered by the general, and it was lucky for him that he escaped. — I have kept him since that glorious day, and he does not look the worse for the exchange of masters."

Sydenham patted the neck of the fine animal, which he was then mounting, and as he vaulted into the saddle, he exclaimed, "I shall at least have this consolation, that I am carried to danger by the same horse on which my Sovereign rode on a fatal day."

"And I hope you will come off as well," replied Bond.

Sydenham made no reply to this compliment, but by a slight movement of his head.

The troopers were now mounted: Grothuysen put himself at their head, Macrae closed the rear, and the prisoner was stationed in the midst, surrounded on every side by men, who, if he were to attempt an escape, had orders to pistol him on the spot. Snell gave the word, "Close files, and march." Sydenham raised his hat, as did Cromwell's officer, and they departed.

We shall now leave Marple for the present, in order that we may (to use the expression of other compilers) follow the hero of our story.

The Chester road from Marple was *via* Stockport, and it was therefore necessary for Sydenham and the troop to pass very near the castle of Wibberley, the turrets of which might be seen through the vistas of the wood, as they passed along. The road had been newly cut out of the chase, and was almost,

without intervals, lined with trees, many which, the inhabitants of that forest for centuries, threw their broad arms across the path, and spread a shadowy gloominess. Grothuysen and his companions rode in silence, and Sydenham was too much occupied with his own miscarriage, to spend idle word on his guard. He thought little of what would be his fate, although he expected no favour from his merciless enemies — enemies who were known never to feel touch of compunction for the miseries endured by their own party, and could, therefore, be little expected to show pity to one of their most determined and feared adversaries. The best blood of Britain still reeked upon their scaffolds; the names of Montrose, Hamilton, Derby, Capel, and a long list of other noble and gallant cavaliers, presented a bloody evidence of their savage and remorseless inhumanity; and to expect that his name, as well known in war, and affection to his sovereign, should be sacred to them, was beyond

his hope and desire. In fact, he knew that he was (to use an expression of the times) a marked man; and if the enemy were not successful in seducing him to betray his master, he was assured of their determination to pursue him unto death. It seemed as if the certanity of his fate had supplied him with courage to defy it, for he threw away not a regret upon his present situation; but was concerned only, as his captivity was a means of detriment to the service of the King, and of grief to his beloved wife.

When they had advanced about half a mile from Marple, the reveries of Sydenham were disturbed by the report of cannon and musketry, and the wild shouts of soldiers engaged in a sharp conflict. Grothuysen put the troop into a hard trot, and they shortly arrived at what had formerly been the lodge of the porter belonging to the castle, but was now turned into a blockhouse, and had a guard of dragoons.

Grothuysen drew his rein, and ordered a halt, resolving to await the issue of a sally which, he was informed by the officer of the guard, the besieged had made with all their strength; and, as he had a discretionary commission, he thought it would be more prudent for him to be certain that the besiegers had no need of his assistance, than, in case of an unexpected event, they should be under the necessity of sending to Marple for dragoons, the number being only twenty at the lodge. The besieged had evidently made this sortie, knowing that it was not the custom of Snell to be at the leaguer with his dragoons, until the middle of the morning; and it was their expectation, which was very reasonable and came to good account, that they should be able to make a successful sally, when the troops usually there were unaided by the direction of Snell, and the daring courage of his lobsters.* The

* So were the cuirassiers usually termed. L. G.

uproar now grew wilder, the cannonade increased, and it was very apparent, although nothing could be seen, the thick wood hiding the castle entirely from the road, that the conflict was very hot and sharp. In a few minutes, an orderly dragoon came at full speed to the lodge, with an order from the commanding officer to him of the guard, to send ten or fifteen of his troopers on the instant. The men buckled on their arms, mounted their horses, and galloped off in the direction of the castle, leaving to Sydenham the pleasing hope, that those within would find them sufficient employment; which proved true, for scarcely five minutes had elapsed ere the same trooper returned, with a demand for two iron minion drakes.*

These the officer positively refused.

"If I send my drakes, they shall make a drake of me," cried he. "Tell Captain Careless that I have no other defence if I am attacked, now he has my men; but

* Fieldpieces.

I will send to the Colonel immediately."

Grothuysen, who was his superior officer, expostulated with him on his refusal, but he could produce no change in his resolution. He then turned to the trooper: "What need have you for such force? Surely no supply of men can have escaped you, and got into the castle!"

"The Devil's in the castle, or come out of it, I believe," replied the man, "in the shape of a Scotchman. The cavaliers have entered the works, and carried off some of the sakers, sword in hand."

"Send the drakes, Fortescue," said Grothuysen, "and I'll stand guard with you until all's over, or the Colonel comes."

At this moment a loud huzza and heavy discharge of musketry was heard, after which succeeded silence, broken alone by a single shot now and then discharged. The officer ordered the cannon to be harnessed; but he was scarcely prepared, when three of his dragoons

(two of whom, a serjeant and a private, were badly wounded,) came slowly riding back to the lodge.

"Hallo, Jamieson," said Fortescue to the first man, "what makes you in this plight? where are your comrades?"

"In the graff of the castle," replied the serjeant, surlily; "and if I am to be commanded by Captain Careless again, I wish I was there too."

"You've beaten those sons of the Devil back again, I hope?" said Grothuysen.

"We did all we could, Captain," replied Jamieson; "their foot sallied with a force of 200 men, and had nearly carried the works when we were sent for. When we drew up, a body of horse attempted to pass the bridge, which was then down, and Captain Careless ordered us to charge."

"Well!" said Grothuysen, impatiently, "you beat them, my brave fellow."

"We did," replied the soldier; "but we only brought off seven out of our

fifteen; the rest lay dead on the bridge. It was hell-fire work."

"Well! they sallied again," said Sydenham, who had with breathless attention listened to this relation, and without noticing to whom he was speaking.

The trooper looked at him with some surprise, as did his other enemies, and then proceeded: "They did sally again, and in their career killed four more of our troopers, and wounded me and Baldwin, as you see. Their foot then entered the works, and destroyed them; carried off some of the sakers, and spiked the rest; and having completed their business, all, except the horse, retired to the castle."

"And where are they?" shouted Grothuysen.

"They galloped off in the direction of the Colonel's quarters," answered Jamieson.

"Indeed! what number have they?" said the captain.

"About fifty," replied the trooper.

"Fifty! May they attempt his position!" cried Grothuysen; "one thousand men could not carry it; their own luck guide them. And now, Fortescue, as you need not my service, I will prosecute my march. — Comrades, form.

He then nodded to the officer, (who bowed in return to him and Sydenham,) and gave the word.

They again journied onwards, Sydenham rejoicing that there were still men bold enough to oppose the tyranny of the present government, and Grothuysen busied in the speculation of who that Scotchman could be, who seemed the life of the attack. He called to Macrae, who was in the rear, and he immediately rode up to his officer, when, as they rode along, the following dialogue ensued:

"Know you that there is any Scotch officer of note in Wibberley, Macrae?" said Grothuysen.

"I dare na assert that I do," answered the serjeant, for he had succeeded Bram-

well in that step of promotion, by Snell's order.

"Dare you assert that there is any Scotchman of the King's party lurking in this country?" cried the officer.

"No' that I ken, unless it be Willie Armstrong, wham yer honour saw at the change-house last evening, an' certes he hath seen service baith abraid an' at hame."

"But he," repeated Grothuysen, "is not with the Cavaliers; you saw he had a passport from the Governor of Scotland."

"Oh, yer honour! ye dinna ken Willie: he's ae stark moss-trooper, ae reaver an' gatherer o' black mail, ae picker o' men's pokes by force an' violence; he's as fause as the grand enemy himsel."

"Yes; but how could he obtain the passport?"

"Doubtless he has imposed on his excellency the Governor wi' some fause story. He's ae parfit Swiss, your honour;

he'll tak' up wi' ony party that'll gi'e guid wages, an' allow plunder. He has seen as mony services as any mon i' the three kingdoms. When I first turned out, under his excellency the Earl of Leven, Willie had the cornetcy o' ae troop, for your honour wull ken he has guid bleid in his veins."

"Not I," said Grothuysen.

"Oh varra; he's ane o' the Armstrongs o' the border, an' i' descent frae Willie Armstrong, the king thereof, that was hangit by King James."

"Curse your details," cried Grothuysen; "proceed."

"Weel yer honour, when the army returned into Scotland, Willie gave up his cornetcy, an' went to serve i' the Low Countries under the Duke of Lorrain, where he had the command o' ae troop. Upon some disgust, he quitted the Duke, an' joined the northern army under the Marquis of Newcastle; an' although he left his command before the King's affairs were desperate, I believe he still

continues attached till the Cavalier party in his heart."

"Why should he?" said Grothuysen.

"That question canna properly be answered," replied Macrae. "Willie was southward at the time his Highness the Protector advanced against the covenantors in Scotland; an' when his Highness followed Charles Stuart out o' that kingdom, before Worcester fight, he left General Monk his governor, who appointed Colonel Snell Governor of Edinburgh. The kinsmen of Armstrong, wha are ae stirring race, came under the powerful arm of the colonel for some offences; he found it necessary to hang an' quarter ae score or twa o'them, an' sae, ye ken, Willie heard of it, return'd till Scotland, fir'd Holyrood, where the governor resided, an' carried of his horses; an' still continues the enemy of the Colonel an' the Commonwealth."

"But what brings him here?" said Grothuysen.

"Nae guid, ye may swear that," replied his companion.

"And who is the lady under his protection?" enquired the officer.

"Ah! that's what I ha'e been thinkin' upon; sae modest, yet sae full o' deegnety; sae beautiful, an' yet sae intrepid: she's made to win a' hearts. The Colonel himsel, wha's not muckle used till bending, quite sunk afore her."

"However," said Grothuysen, "whatever may be his errand, and whoever may be the lady, it is pretty apparent they are now in Wibberley.

The officer and his subaltern were thus engaged in fathoming the mystery of Armstrong and his lovely protégée; to which conversation (it may be believed) Sydenham, who was close in their rear, was not inattentive, when, on turning a point of the road, which brought them on a long flat uninclosed common, they discerned a troop of horse leisurely awaiting their arrival.

Grothuysen instantly perceived they

were enemies, and superior in number; but he had now advanced too far to make his retreat good; and even had he had an opportunity, he was acknowledged to be too brave an officer to turn his back on double force.

His courage, in this instance, proved his ruin, for he not only resolved to fight the enemy, but determined to give them the first charge, by means of which resolution he gave up the advantage of his situation, for he had not yet quitted the jaws of the narrow road which entered upon the common, and which might have been defended by five horse against a hundred; but the officers of Cromwell were so used to despise the courage of their adversaries, that they thought no advantage, no inequality on the part of the enemy, should be an objection against fighting them. Grothuysen, therefore, having selected four of his troopers, whom he placed as a guard over Sydenham, stationed at the mouth of the road, and with orders to shoot him sooner than allow his rescue,

drew out the remainder of his small squadron, and putting himself at their head, gave the word to charge. The enemy's horse, who were (it was now plainly descernible) commanded by Armstrong, waited not to receive the attack, but setting up the cry "Sydenham for ever!" gave the spur to their horses, and met Grothuysen and his troop in the middle of their career. The contest was not long doubtful; the horse of Cromwell, however brave, and although armed with defensive mail, (an advantage which the others had not,) were overpowered by the number and courage of their adversaries, and their ruin was sealed by Armstrong, who, at one blow with a pole-axe, laid Grothuysen dead on the field.

On the death of their leader, the troopers of Cromwell turned their horses' heads to the lane, and fled to their companions who guarded Sydenham, followed by Armstrong and his troop, who cut up the flying enemy without giving quarter. Sydenham now thought it time to bestir

himself, and although he was unarmed, and his bridle-rein buckled to that of one of his guards, he threatened them loudly with instant death, if they did not surrender at his mercy; and they were on the point of throwing down their arms, when a fresh squadron, headed by Fortescue, came down the lane at full gallop. Armstrong, thus seeing his reward snatched out of his hands, for the enemy now trebled his force, leisurely withdrew, Fortescue not thinking it prudent to disturb his retreat; and that officer having collected together the shattered remains of Grothuysen's troop, again placed Colonel Sydenham in their centre, and marshalling his squadron in battalia, slowly followed Armstrong across the common, towards Stockport. After pursuing their route a short time in silence, Macrae, who had escaped with a slight cut on his bridle-arm, ventured to approach his superior, and enquired by what lucky chance he had heard of their being beset; to which Captain Fortescue

replied, that shortly after Grothuysen left Wibberley, Colonel Snell (who had received intelligence of that party of horse which had effected their escape from the castle, and by whom it was commanded,) arrived at the lodge with his dragoons, and being apprehensive that they would lay in wait for the rescue of Colonel Sydenham, he had ordered him (Fortescue) to follow and sustain Grothuysen with an additional force; that he was at some distance when he heard the report of fire-arms, and the uproar of the combat, which induced him to put on with all his speed, by which means he had arrived just in time to prevent the rescue of their prisoner.

"Ye may safely aver that yer honour did arrive quite i' the nick of time, for when thae loons, o' the colonel's guard, saw our body routed, an' the bleidy Cavaliers cutting an' hacking till right and left, without shewin' as muckle quarter as wad save ae dog, they were e'en ganging to surrender till his mercy."

Captain Fortescue took no notice of this insinuation, at which the troopers trembled in their stirrups, so rigid was the Protector's discipline; for, although the main body was routed, the guard were confident they might have made some sort of a stand in the position they kept; and they were far from wishing the truth should come to the Colonel's ears. However, Macrae said no more about it, but proceeded to a subject in which he was more interested, being his own promotion. "Of course yer honour will succeed to the command of Captain Grothuysen's troop?" said the wily Scotchman.

"Is there any doubt of it?" replied Fortescue, knowing that this man never spoke without ground for what he uttered, and that he was more trusted by Snell than any man under his command.

"No' that I ken," rejoined Macrae.

"Then why did you ask the question?"

"For nae ither purpose than to learn wha will obtain yer honour's lieutenancy?"

"Faithful Badkyne, the cornet of our troop, undoubtedly."

"What!" said Macrae, knowing that Badkyne was detested by the new captain, "what, yer honour! that canting hypocrite! that raving bell-weather! wha has nearly kill'd a' the guid men i' the regiment wi' makin' 'em stand wet shod, listening till his wearisome gab.—Bramwell, our late serjeant, was ae quiet lambie till this lump o' grace; if he commands the troop, we maun be praying at a' gates — yer honour's too clear a soldier to wish siccan an advancement."

"Whatever I wish, Macrae, Colonel Snell has the direction of these matters; but as Badkyne is a good soldier, I don't see how even he can avoid his taking the next step in rank."

"May the auld weather-beaten fanatic get his belly fu' o' leaden plumbs i' the neist attack — but wha, yer honour, will be cornet?" said Macrae, with affected modesty. Fortescue looked at him, to see if he could perceive any blush on the

face of this son of Caledonia, but his countenance was as staid as if he had no expectation.

"You would think yourself wrong'd, Macrae;" replied the captain, "notwithstanding your modesty, if the cornetcy were given to any other man, now Bramwell's dead."

"Ae happy deliverance," cried Macrae: "if there had been twa preachers i' the troop, I, for ane, maun hae quitted my quarters."

They shortly afterwards arrived at Stockport, passing through which town, they continued their route towards Chester.

## CHAP. VII.

Such an assemblage have I never seen—
Persian, Copt, Tartar, and the rugged Arab,
Link'd to the Christian, and Moresco Jew;
Like Babel's artificers are their cries,
Each in his several tongue, and separate fashion.
*Siege of Candy.*

WE shall not follow Sydenham and his guard step by step to Chester; it is sufficient to say, they arrived at the castle of that city on the second evening of their departure from Marple; and Fortescue having deposited his prisoner in the hands of the sheriff, and rested his men and horses until morning, drew off to re-join his commander before Wibberley.

There was at this time in the castle, not only the officers belonging to the civil authorities, but also a considerable military force stationed there by the Protector, as a bridle upon the affections

of the Welsh, who had always been foremost in their declarations of loyalty to their Sovereign, and attempts to re-establish the ancient form of government. It is no wonder, then, that the detained inhabitants were of a description so heterogeneous, as Sydenham found them to be.

The common prisons were devoted to no one sort of prisoner; but the unfortunate debtor was joined with the foul and often bloody felon, and the generous Cavalier with the wild, enthusiastic, half-insane anabaptist. Here might be heard many of the old agitators of the army, cashiered by Cromwell, when their services were no longer needed, cursing their blind infatuation, in choosing that hypocrite for the idol of their adorations. In another place, a party of Scottish presbyterians reviling the Protector for his want of faith, and the breach of the solemn league and covenant, to which most of that nation were devoted. In a third, the real friends to republican

principles, talking over the ruin of their hopes with stern earnestness, breathing execrations upon the bloody tyrant who had overthrown one despotism to erect himself another and a worse.

"Better a thousand high-born and kingly Stuarts," exclaimed they, "than this ignoble and crafty despot; better an absolute monarchy under a man to whom we need not blush to bend, than have a ruler like this false hypocrite;" and in the shame of their slavery, they burned with blushes, and trembled with rage; each man shook the hand of his fellow with a lowering brow, and internally swore freedom or death. Sydenham, who was a keen observer of human nature under all its forms, and who, having been bred in all the troubles of the times, knew how to appreciate the eccentricities of each character, watched the different ebullitions of feeling, (which were seldom repressed by fear of consequences,) with the greatest attention, and most unmingled pleasure. He knew, that from these springs, how-

ever restrained, would rise a torrent capable of overturning the present dynasty; and he was certain, were this once effected, so Babellic were the designs of the several factions, that they would never agree upon any form of government, and so "the King might get his own again." He was so well pleased with the castle he had mentally built on these speculations, that he never thought of his own destiny; but concluded that the time was now ripe for a counter-revolution; and therefore set his wits to work how he might best take advantage of the propitiousness of his stars. He resolved, in the first place, to consult with those Cavaliers who were then in the castle; and, after having informed them, that there were men of their party already up, who had a hold of defence, to resolve on what measures should be taken to effect a general rising. The military in Chester were more than equalled by those disaffected to the government now within the castle, who

would be set at liberty by a general rising, and would form a force, assisted by the citizens, who were, to a man, loyal and true to their rightful Sovereign, sufficient to overpower the whole county.

Sydenham was engaged in plans and reveries of this nature, when he was summoned by the guard to attend prayers, which were scrupulously performed morning and evening, by the Independent minister belonging to the garrison. He walked up the oaken staircase which led to the general hall, and where those who chose might loiter until the time of locking up. It was a long, narrow, and low room, with a large fire-place in the middle, and the sides and ceiling ornamented with numerous and grotesque drawings, the untutored performances, in chalk and charcoal, of the castle inmates: a long table extended from one end of the room to the other, and at the upper part was a sort of raised seat or chair of ceremony, which had once been occupied, most probably, by Hugh Lu-

pus, but was now converted into the pulpit of the minister. The hall, excepting divers and singular large holes in the floor, might have been reckoned in tolerable condition.

The preacher (Master Never-lack in in God's praise Windyman, our old and tried acquaintance) was already exalted in the temporary pulpit; and his congregation, seated on the benches around the table, talked on indifferent subjects, whilst he was making preparation for his evening discourse. A single badly-lighted lamp, in a rusty iron chandelier, depended from the ceiling very near the raised seat; but its defects were well compensated by the blaze of the fire, which, throwing a red glare upon all persons present, gave to the character of their features, and the diversity of their equipments, a singular and wild appearance of fanaticism and ferocity.

The strain of Windyman's prophecy was entirely panegyrical in favour of the Protector, and savoured little of doctrine. In

place of displaying to his hearers the comforts of the Gospel, or the effects of moral government, he laboured to inculcate the divine claim of his master to the rule of the realm, and the folly and impolicy of kingly regimen. He averred Cromwell to be the only ruler of England lawfully appointed; and said that kings made their courses slower than Saturn, and shed upon their kingdoms rays more noxious: "If," continued he, "the empire of each were prolonged until the end of time, no king would bring advantage to the world or his own country; the subjugation of their subjects unto unlimited slavery is their sole end, and premeditated aim. If they engage in a war for the public good, how unwillingly and how cautiously do they proceed? But if for the gratification of some personal, though foolish quarrel, when do they desist, until it is necessary to treat with the enemy as men conquered and captive? They levy war, my brethren, against their own citizens

without scruple, yea, against the Lord himself: they are drunk with the cup of Babylon, and serve against the Lamb for Antichrist, and the spotted whore of Rome. It is a work of the Lord, my beloved, begun in this age by the saints, under the conduct and auspices of his Highness, not only to desert, but to destroy the kings of the earth. The Lord says, 'and they shall scoff at the kings, and the princes shall be a scorn unto them,' and do not the words come home unto us? Yea, verily, for the Lord hath set his mark upon the house of Suart for evil, and not for good; 'and I will cast thee out,' saith the Lord, 'and thy mother that bare thee, into another country, where ye were not born, and there shall ye die'; but unto the land where they desire to return, thither shall they not return: O earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord; stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made ye free."

Such is a feeble outline of the preach-

er's discourse; the picture was filled up with reiterations and invocations, epithets and epitaphs, (certainly not panegyrical) upon the last of their tyrants, (as he called Charles the First,) and his ruined house. The matter of this oration will not be wondered at, when we consider that the preacher held his place as chaplain of the castle and garrison, by the tenure of eulogizing his patron, and heaping discredit on the opposite factions; and to give the devil his due, it must be acknowledged he did his duty. He had scarcely descended from the pulpit, and left the room, when another divine, of the Presbyterian party (the same Mr. White whom we have met with in the early part of the manuscript *, took his place, and from the eagerness with which those of his sect crowded round him, it seemed that he was a favourite

* In the first volume, it is stated that Mr. White had joined the sect of Independents, wherefore we must conclude he had now recanted, and returned to the ranks of Presbytery, as many preachers of that time did.

preacher. His voice was, at first, thick, his pronunciation hardly intelligible, and, as he spoke extempore, while his blood ran cool, his language was without [illegible] or arrangement, strength or elegance. He seemed, in fact, like an unbroken horse, which, whilst at a slow pace, walks with an awkward and ungainly motion; but no sooner is he roused into the rapidity of his speed, then his awkwardness vanishes, and you see him free, capable, and graceful. Thus was it with White, for he had scarcely warmed himself in his theme, and engaged the attention of his audience, when he seemed to throw away the dull clog upon his oratorical powers; his voice became perfectly articulate, his pronunciation free from objection, and the style of his language, if not flowery and rhetorical, was sound, warm, and plainly affecting. Sydenham himself, who had no great affection for preaching of any kind, and little indeed for that of the puritans, could not forbear listening with interest; and the other auditors heark-

ened with the reverence of the croisaders catching the tones of Peter the hermit.

"Believe not, brethren," said the minister, "that the finger of God pointed out the death of the late King; neither give credit to the assertion that his family is for ever banished: the Lord says more plainly than in the text quoted, 'I will set mine eyes upon them for good, and I will bring them again to this land, and I will build them up, and not pull them down, and I will plant them, and not pluck them up;' and if texts are to be brought in at all seasons, dearly beloved, they should surely be applied to the more merciful sense, and not to the harsh, the immitigate, and bloody. I am here, brethren, as are most of ye, under a charge of treason; but though my body is in jeopardy, yet is my soul free: I am the Lord's remembrancer, and I will not hold my tongue, for his sake. Need I remind ye, that, under the cloak of liberty, our rights have been stolen from us? Need I remind ye, that, under the

mask of an assertor of those rights, the grand impostor! the loathsome hypocrite! the detestable traitor! who calls himself the Protector, hath, like the wolf in sheep's clothing, devoured the constitutional lamb? He hath prevailed, brethren; and now doth he purpose to keep under the children of Judah and Jerusalem for bondmen and bondwomen; but hath he not sins against the Lord his God? Will he not perish in the midst of his sufficiency? Thus will I testify, brethren, against the tyrant, though it should be on the scaffold; and I will say, with our blessed, and sanctified, and departed brother *, 'I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand; but I have finished my course, I kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness; and not for me only, but for all those that love the appearance of Jesus Christ.' Were I free, brethren, my voice would

* The celebrated preacher Love, who used these words on the scaffold. Author of the MS.

be still for war. This is not the ebullition of lost hope; this is not the desperate cast of a ruined and bankrupt gamester; it is not for glory, nor riches, nor the lust of extensive empire, that I would cry for war; but for the safety of our altars and fire-sides. The nation can but, at last, be no longer a nation of free citizens; the people can but, at last, be captives to the victor; but is not freedom worth fighting for? It is not long since we had other thoughts. Is a tyrant to be suffered? Alas! one much more gentle paid for his trespasses with his life — and here, brethren, I may ask, what Charles had done against the liberties of the nation, in comparison with this regicide, which deserved notice or recollection? Charles was thought a hypocrite: what is Cromwell? Charles died for a stretch of his prerogative: what death does the usurper deserve to die, for the most arbitrary and galling despotism that England hath ever seen? Charles, my brethren, in better times, would have had few equals as a

king; but after ages, when they wish to describe a tyrant, mean, perfidious, bloody, and hypocritical, will design him by one word, 'Cromwell.'"

Our readers will have perceived that in neither of the foregoing discourses have we given the theological part of them — we have confined ourselves to those heads which were doubtless most interesting to the heated blood of the several factions, the feelings of which may also be ascertained through the lectures of their popular orators. It is undoubtedly true that the plots and conspiracies against Cromwell were chiefly set on foot by the preachers of one sect or other; and, at this time, the prisons and gaols all over England were crowded with this order of men, and especially with those of the presbyterian profession.

The last preacher, White, who had formerly been known to the Colonel, when pastor of the mountain flock at Banner Cross, presented to the mind of the Cavalier an appearance half strange,

half familiar: he was now nearly fifty years of age, and time had not passed over his brow without leaving behind him the mark of his furrow. It was by dint of tracing early associations that Sydenham, at length, remembered his features; and he resolved to accost him on the first opportunity, as it was clear he had more authority than any other man over the moody and enthusiastic spirits in the castle. The next morning the Colonel observed him walking in the court (where state prisoners were allowed to recreate themselves) deeply engaged in study: his mind seemed absorbed in reflection; for although Sydenham stopped upon his path, he gave no sign of recognition, but, slightly avoiding, passed on; at length the Cavalier, on his again passing, pronounced his name, and the puritan, starting from his reverie, asked his pleasure.

"Are my features so changed, Mr. White," said Sydenham, "that you have entirely forgotten me?"

The pastor gazed upon him for some time, and replied, "Entirely."

"You have reason, perhaps, to wish we should remain as we stand," said the Colonel.

"Not so, Sir," answered Mr. White, with his accustomed meekness; "if you were ever my acquaintance, be assured, if you will trouble yourself to call me to my remembrance, I will not disown you, neither for fear nor favour. My fortunes are shipwrecked; and I should indeed be stony-hearted to refuse a kind greeting from a brother infortunate."

"When you do know me," said Sydenham, "I shall fall in your esteem — I am a cavalier."

"That name cannot surely operate as a spell upon my charity," answered the minister. "If you are a cavalier, you are in distress, and common misfortune makes men brothers."

"But," pursued the colonel, "my name is Sydenham, Sydenham of Banner Cross."

The preacher raised his hand over his eyes, and dwelt with intensity upon the features of the cavalier: "What!" said he, "the son of Lord Falconridge! the proud heir of that ancient and noble house!"

"All that is left of him," replied Sydenham, smiling.

"The gay, the handsome, the happy Charles Sydenham!!"

"Even so."

"The comfort and blessing of his parents; the delight of his friends; the protection of the oppressed; the intrepid hero; the valorous leader; the gallant cavalier!!!"

"Why dwell ye, Sir," cried Sydenham, moodily, "on what I have been? Look at me now, and see if I sink below what I was? I am a caged prisoner, with a warrant of death already signed upon me; but my heart beats no quicker than when I was a free leader, without check, charge, or caution."

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed Mr. White, who, inattentive to his companion, inwardly revolved his change of fortune.

"Are you disposed to assist me?" said Sydenham, hastily.

"Command me," replied the preacher. "in your distress, I am again your house's vassal — but how? in what have I power to assist?"

"The prisoners within the castle," said the Colonel, cautiously looking round to see if they were observed, "are enough to pull it upon the heads of our guard. You know all their spirits, and can work them as the reliquary moulds the silver of his roods."

"Avoid idolatrous metaphors, my son," cried the minister. "Proceed."

"The cavaliers," pursued Sydenham, "are already up, and in possession of Wibberley."

"The Lord's omnipotence be praised," cried White: "let the tyrant tremble."

"And had not some traitor sold me to the enemy, this day I should have been at the head of a gallant force," said the Colonel. "Snell is now beleaguering the castle; and if it fall before the hunt is up, all is over."

"Snell! that hound of iniquity!" cried the preacher. "His slot is marked with blood, and bloody will be his end. I confess, there is yet a hope; but that hope is founded on treachery and a villain."

"How!" said Sydenham.

"Windyman," whispered the Pastor; "you know him—if he fail us, all is indeed over: money and promises may tempt that Judas to favour your escape; but believe me there is no chance—no hope of violently breaking prison."

"I have embarked you in my fortune," said the Colonel, "and I will not abandon you. Seek the chaplain, and sound him; but no; there may be danger in the office, and I will myself perform it."

"Stay, young man," cried Mr. White; "there may, indeed, be danger in the office, if you undertake it; let me speak to Windyman; we have been long acquainted, and I may say, without bravado, I know the depths and shallows of his soul. He, and the other instruments of this tyrannical dynasty, are well described by the holy prophet Micah: 'The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? —None evil can come upon us!'—They are, indeed, a blasphemous generation, and the sickle is sharpening for its harvest of slaughter."

"Would it were in the mower's hand," cried Sydenham, "and Cromwell and his followers falling before it like ripened corn!"

"The Protector's hour is not far off;" replied the pastor: "his star is set; his day of reckoning is at hand: woe unto

his lost soul; he hath meted judgment unto himself; he hath trodden in the bowels of men, as if they were a wine-press, and his feet are stained with the blood of his victims; he beareth on his forehead the mark of his condemnation; like Cain, is he marked with the brand of his leprosy. Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth; but unto his own arm hath the All-powerful reserved this Jeroboam, untouched, unreclaimed, by any earthly chastisement."

Sydenham was too much engaged with his own thoughts to attend to his companion: he was calculating how long it might take to gain over Windyman; and whether an attempt, though desperate, to seize the castle by force, might not be the more advantageous plan, particularly as, if the event proved fortunate, it would place a fortified city and a large force at their disposal. His scheme was impracticable, without the consent of Mr. White, by whose assistance he was to carry his point with the

puritans, the strongest body of men in the castle; and the Cavalier, at length, came to the resolution of disclosing his marriage to the Pastor, and the critical situation of his wife. He began by stating the delays which might occur in seducing the chaplain; whereas, if they rushed upon the guard, and attempted to carry the castle, the deed might, that day or the following, be perfected; and it would ensure them a speedy victory, or a quick dissolution."

"But why not wait the event of our application to Windyman?" said Mr. White.

This was a question Sydenham had foreseen, and he met it openly, "Because," answered he, "my wife is at Wibberley; and the tower now rocks to its fall."

"Your wife!" cried the minister; "I knew not you were married."

"There are few who do," replied the Colonel; "but so it is.—Esther Bradshaw has long changed that name, though she wears it still."

"Esther Bradshaw!" exclaimed the Pastor, "the niece of the President!"

"The daughter of Mr. Bradshaw of Wibberley;" said Sydenham, coolly. "Forget, Sir, that she is of kin to that bloody regicide. But now you may gather my situation. Can I think of patiently awaiting the doubts and demurs of that villain, Windyman, when she who is dearer to me than my own soul, is in the jaws of danger? Perish all patience; I am mad with apprehension."

"Be calm, my son," said the Minister; "rage is a high-mettled horse, which doth frequently dismount his rider. Patience is typified by the lowly ass, which doth yet go with steady and sure footing. Trust but to me, and ye shall be free to-morrow, God speed the while! but seek not to pull ruin on your head by an open mutiny. We are without arms and ammunition; the enemy hath plenty of all."

"Tut, man!" exclaimed Sydenham, "we have a cause that would serve us for armour of proof; and the very shouts

of our friends would have more effect upon the enemy, than they upon us with the roar of their artillery."

The pastor shook his head, and replied, "I have heard," Colonel Sydenham, "miracles of your valour and conduct; but, trust me, I fear they are not now allies. I cannot consent to take upon my head the blood which may be shed; but if you will accept my services the other way, I engage, so well do I know the man, to effect Windyman's co-operation by to-morrow. If I mistake not, the chapelry of Marple is in the gift of the owner of the estates."

"Exactly so," replied the Colonel.

"Then, upon a restoration of the exiled family," said White, "you, having married the heiress, would have the advowson."

Sydenham bowed.

"Are you willing, as the price of your escape, solemnly to swear, for nothing else will, I fear, satisfy the traitor, to bestow this living upon Windyman."

"Any thing;" answered the Colonel. "I will give my word of honour as a knight and gentleman."

"Your oath will suffice," said the pastor, smiling for the first time during their conference; and they then parted.

## CHAP. VIII.

He is a Judas — Shew a tempting bait,
And though the sequel prove his soul's damnation,
He's at your service, and will do your bidding.
*Old Contention of York and Lancaster*

Sydenham and the Pastor had not long separated, when important tidings arrived at Chester — the death of the Protector. We need scarcely remark the difference of feeling with which the news were received by the several factions inhabiting the castle. The soldiers and fanatics who espoused his fortunes cried out aloud, that "a prince had fallen in Israel;" whilst the Presbyterians numbered him with Dathan and Abiram, and consigned him to everlasting perdition. The cavaliers sung catches upon his latter end, and the Anabaptists called him Apollyon, king of the locusts, aver-

ring, that he had now returned to that bottomless pit foredoomed him by the Scriptures. We shall not presume to offer our own opinions upon this important point; but shall leave it to our readers to coincide with each, any, or all of the factions, as their judgment shall suggest to be prudent. But we may just say, (allowing Cromwell to have been a worthy addition to the company of Messieurs Dathan and Abiram,) in the words of Voltaire:

"Il est donc des forfaits
Que le courroux des dieux ne pardonne jamais."

Our readers (who are doubtless deeply studied in history) will remember, that the death of Oliver Cromwell did, for some space of time, make little or no alteration in the state of the political hemisphere: his son Richard succeeded him, without opposition; and the machine of government kept its revolution without any check or obstruction. Having said thus much on general matters, we shall

now return to the particulars of our story.

The officers of the garrison, instead of being more remiss in their duty on this change of rulers, kept a stricter guard than ordinary; and it was with some difficulty that Mr. White obtained admission to Windyman's apartment without observation. The chaplain received him sitting, and without ceremony enquired what brought him there?

White, who perfectly knew his man, was not in the least disconcerted; but replied, that he had called upon him to talk over an affair of some importance, which needed privacy, and would suit his apartment better in the telling than the open court.

"My hours are precious," said Windyman; "briefly deliver thine errand, and begone.

"Patience, Mr. Neverlack," cried the pastor: "the occasion of my coming hither is your own advantage, and no benefit of mine own. Know you Colonel

Sydenham, at present a prisoner within the castle."

"Yea, by the promise," answered Windyman, "I do know him, for as grand a traitor as ever was left undrawn. I was his prisoner at Wibberley, and sore beset was I, with him and his filthy cavaliers. Captain Purefoy that was slain at Worcester, rest his soul, paid fifty marks for my body's ransom."

"We are bound by Scripture," said Mr. White, "to forgive our enemies, and I am positive you will absolve the Colonel from all offences, when you shall know—"

"Never!" interrupted Windyman, "or may I be turned into an otter, and fished and hunted for: he is down in my black book, whereof nothing can erase the characters."

"Nothing, Mr. Neverlack!" said the pastor, archly. "Nothing! consider; you perhaps shut the door on your promotion."

"Promotion!" replied Windyman, with a sneer: "talk ye of promotion in

the same breath with a traitor, as good as convict and sentenced?"

"He never will be," said White.

"Who shall hinder it?" enquired Windyman.

"That will you," replied the pastor, "or ye throw away wilfully and blindly a comfortable living."

"Ye speak in parables," said the chaplain; "out with the sense ye keep lurking behind; there's nobody to hear, nor any body to take offence — why should I, were it in my power, save the life of Colonel Sydenham."

"Mark ye that Cromwell's dead?" said Mr. White plainly.

"Well, the consequence?" replied companion.

"His son Richard hath succeeded him," pursued the pastor; "but already is a conspiracy hatched to change the form of government, and place the rod in the hands of the army."

"So much have I heard," said Windyman.

"And think you that a military des-

potism can last?" cried White: "as well might Chaos and Night resume their reign, without the will of the Creator, as the people of England submit to a slavery so degrading. No, Sir, the day is fast approaching when the king must return; the voice of the nation is for him; *et vox populi vox Dei.*"

"Nay, nay, but, but, Sir," said the chaplain, quite staggered: he could get no further, though he made several attempts; and at length, as if confounded with the certainty of White's prediction being fulfilled, he rose from his seat, and gave a loud whew. "Well, Sir," he cried at last, "what have you to propose — I mean, to say, further?"

"Merely this," answered White, who perceived he had brought him to the right pitch, "save Colonel Sydenham, and, if you please, myself, and he will secure to you, on the King's restoration, in what manner you shall devise, the living or chapelry of Marple."

"The chapelry of Marple!" said

Windyman, licking his lips. "But what hath Colonel Sydenham to do with the chapelry of Marple?"

"To let you into the whole mystery," answered the pastor, "he hath married the heiress, Miss Esther Bradshaw."

Never-lack stared with all his eyes at this information, and said, "Any thing but this, Mr. White, peradventure I might have credited; but that the proudest cavalier in the king's train should match with a puritanical damsel, is past my belief."

"It is to me, Mr. Never-lack," replied the minister, "as extraordinary a matter as it seemeth to you; but the Colonel hath said it, and on my soul's hope he is sincere."

"Why if he be," said Never-lack, who, in the hope of obtaining the chapelry, now ran down the current as swiftly as White could wish — "If he be, there is good reason why I should alter my opinion of him."

"And erase him from your black book,

Mr. Neverlack," said the pastor, smiling, "notwithstanding the indelibility of the characters."

"Exactly so: it is no fault to be candid and ingenuous, Mr. White," said Windyman; "and I am much prouder to acknowledge my opinion of Colonel Sydenham to be erroneous, than I should be to continue in the darkness of mine error; and as he hath married the heiress of Wibberley, doubtless with the consent of her friends, it is impossible that her father, and her uncle to the boot, who is so able a man, and so profound a lawyer, should be wrong in their estimation of the noble young gentleman. Adherence to the king is no crime, morally considered; but — you say on the king's restoration, the chapelry shall be mine."

The pastor nodded assent.

"Very likely, Sir," cried Windyman, "instead of being suffered to enjoy the chapelry, or any other living, I may be translated to a higher induction — ever-

lasting life. How are we to manage that?"

"I will myself," answered White, "personally undertake, as I am a Christian man, that Colonel Sydenham shall obtain you the King's free pardon."

"Your offer, I confess, is tempting," said Never-lack; "but think not I would betray a trust for the lucre of gain; though, as I am not honoured with the confidence of the governor, you know I can break no trust by aiding your escape. Let me see — a snug handsome living for life, or a precarious and dangerous subsistence amid thieves and felons. How does the beam incline? Never-lack, canst thou hesitate? Nay, I am yours."

He placed his hand in Mr. White's, who congratulated him on his decision. They then entered into a consultation, how and when the escape should be made, which held them a considerable space; but at length they fixed upon the hour of midnight, and the manner in which

our readers will observe the plan was executed.

Exactly at the time fixed, Mr. Neverlack Windyman, with a cautious step and beating heart, proceeded from his own little dormitory on the west side of the castle, to the cells of Sydenham and White, which were in the northern wing. He had before made himself perfectly acquainted with their respective situations, lest he should, in the dark, commit a *faux pas*. The doors were fastened upon the prisoners by means of bars on the outer side, which any one in the passage could withdraw; and it was with some difficulty that the chaplain effected their removal, unattended with noise: they did, however, peaceably give way, and he was joined by the several occupants. He led them, with the same slow and cautious pace as that with which he had approached, back to his room, where Sydenham, at his desire, solemnly swore to maintain his promise with regard to the chapelry. This moment-

ous matter concluded, they again left the chamber, and following the chaplain, descended a spiral stair, which ended in a door opening upon the counterscarp of the city wall: thence they could perceive the sentinels marching to and fro at the different points of defence, and hear distinctly, in the dead stillness, their words of greeting. The night was calm and undisturbed; but "the blue vault of Heaven, and its crescent so pale," were overshadowed by huge masses of dark clouds, the contents of which did bid fairly, very soon, to destroy its tranquillity. Here, screened from sight by the deep shadow of the wall, they waited the turn of the sentinel nearest them, who guarded a draw-bridge, opening over the graff or ditch, upon a plain field called the Rudee. This bridge appeared to Sydenham the only means by which the moat was passable on this side, and it was impossible either to ford or swim, on account of an iron *chevaux-de frise*, which traversed it to right and

left. He therefore enquired of the chaplain, by what manœuvre they were to escape the sentinel; and Windyman answered by pointing to several pontoons reared against the counterscarp. The sentinel at this instant turned to the right about, and marched back on his guard: Sydenham and the preachers immediately ascended the wall (about six feet high in this place), and drew over it the lightest of the pontoons, which they fixed across the graff. They had proceeded thus far with success; but fortune, who is never minded to do a good turn without putting one in mind of her inconstancy, resolved that the Colonel and his companions should not get clear without paying fatally for their escape. Windyman had resolved to abide no longer in the garrison, but, quitting his office, to follow the fortunes of his new patron, fearing no doubt a discovery of his hand in the Colonel's flight. Though the Cavalier could have well dispensed with his company, he could not (con-

sidering Windyman's services) make any objection; and his proposal of attending their departure was consented to.

Sydenham, who had passed many a graff on a pontoon, when the enemy kept a red-hot fire over his head, made no difficulty to spring over this with antelopean agility, and Mr. White followed him with a steady eye and sure foot: but when the chaplain began to cross, the slight dependence tottered under his feet, and his fears of falling into the moat became so strong, that his prudence failed him, and he cried aloud for help. The sentinel heard his outcry, and guessing the truth, cried out, "Treason! escape!" and discharged his matchlock. Windyman received the fire in his back, and without speaking a word, but with elevated hands, dropped like a shot waterfowl into the ditch, and sunk to the bottom. The report of the sentinel's piece and his cries alarmed the garrison; and Sydenham, seeing all chance of saving the unfortunate chaplain entirely vain,

bade White to follow him, and retreated from the scene of action. As they distanced the castle, they could perceive torches dancing over the walls —

> "Like ruddy stars of changeful light
> Bound on the dusky brow of night;" *

and presently the uproar of pursuit, and the shouts of the questors. They could even discern, on the edge of the horizon, a party of horse riding at speed over the Rudee; and Mr. White informed the Colonel, that a bridge over the river, at the other side of the field, was one of the passes into Wales.

Sydenham now abandoned himself to the guidance of the pastor, who, making a turn quite round the walls, brought his companion to the house of a brother preacher, at a small village, a mile without the city.

Mr. White acquainted his friend with their circumstances, and although he

* Scott. Editorial interpolation.

made few promises, he treated them with such hospitality and fidelity, as made an impression upon the Colonel. Here they remained until the pursuit had spent its force, their host occasionally visiting the city, for the purpose of collecting information. From him Sydenham learned, that the governor had proclaimed a reward of two thousand marks for the apprehension of himself, and half the sum for that of his companion; and it was stated in the placards, that they were supposed to have gone off towards Stockport. At length Sydenham thought it time to depart, and having consulted with the pastor and his friend, the latter procured them two stout hacknies, with disguises resembling the liveries of a neighbouring nobleman. Mounted and apparelled after this fashion, the Colonel and his companion set off at day-break, through bye roads, towards Stockport, where they arrived before night-fall; and they impatiently awaited the coming darkness, which might favour

their attempt to get into Wibberley, though it seemed as difficult to make their way into that castle, as it had been to escape from Chester.

It was what the Scots call a gloumin', when they again mounted; and perfect darkness had usurped the place of day, before they entered Wibberley Chase. They did not proceed by the high road from Stockport to the Castle Lodge, (Sydenham well knowing he should there meet with a party he wished to avoid,) but by a narrow lane, which communicated with the fields adjoining the Chase. They soon perceived the watch-fires burning in the encampment before the castle, and could observe, by their light, the sentinels walking their rounds. The fortress was entirely dark, as if desolate of inhabitants; but the Cavalier saw still, though dimly and obscurely, the Royal Standard "flapping its pennon to the midnight air." With caution, Sydenham and the pastor alighted from their horses, and taking off

their saddles and bridles, turned them loose into the Chase; they threw the harness into the river, as they crossed the wooden bridge which led to the castle, and making a circuit to avoid observation, they came to the back part of the mansion. Here there was no hope of effecting an entrance; the windows were closely barricadoed, and there was no door but in front. It was therefore necessary to make an effort in the face of the encampment, and Sydenham resolved, at all hazards, to try the experiment. On a nearer approach to the draw-bridge, the Colonel, to his great chagrin, perceived that the moat had been drained for the distance of twenty or thirty yards, and was in many places choked with rubbish, but still capable of concealing himself and the Pastor; they descended into the fosse near the western angle, and crept upon their hands and knees until they were exactly beneath the bridge and door-way. Many dead bodies did they encounter in their pro-

gress, for what seemed rubbish to the Colonel, he found, by the jelly-like feel, and noisome smell, to be the corses of the assailants. The pastor shuddered as he touched these mouldering fragments of mortality, and internally offered up a prayer for the souls of the slain. Sydenham carefully raised himself upon his feet, and was seeking some means of communication with the sentinel, (who, he doubted not, kept guard in the usual place within the curtain,) when he observed two men descend the ditch, as he and his companion had done before, and approach the place where they were concealed. He laid his hand upon Mr. White's shoulder, and pointed to them, fearing that their sudden appearance might be too much for the pastor's constancy, and by an ejaculation of his surprise or terror, their hiding might be discovered to the enemy. The Cavalier drew and cocked his pistols, resolving to sell his life at a desperate rate, and awaited the advance of the strangers;

he was soon, however, joyfully disappointed, in hearing the voice of his old friend Armstrong, who, in a tone half suppressed, said, "Hoot awa, mon, do ye think ony o' the silly gowks wad dare come hither at midnight, an' men past they dead thraw sprinklin' the ground? Na, na, ye're amaist as silly as they're, to believe it. — Come on, Sidebotham; ye're ae deadly hand at ae day-fight, but ye're no cannie at night-wark."

Sydenham pronounced his name, and the Scot, notwithstanding his courage, halted in fear.

"What's that?" said Sidebotham.

"By the work'd petticoat of Mary Magdalen of Brussels," cried the Borderer, "it was my ain name fair, an' no fancied, or my ears deceived me."

He drew a pistol from his breast, and for a short time awaited a repetition of the call; but at length he laughed, and said, "What fous are we to stand here in wonder. It was that rascal Jernighan who ca'd. I'll gie him ae reward for his

familiarity. Hie ye, Jernighan, ye crappit lug'd birkie, draw yer ward."

Sydenham again uttered his name.

"Speak out," cried the borderer, in a hurried voice; "be ye ghaist or goblin, damn'd or saved, say yer say."*

"Know ye not my voice?" said Sydenham, from behind a huge mass of stones, part of the wall which had been destroyed, whither he and his companion had retired. "That voice!" cried Armstrong, springing forward, but without discovering the Colonel, or the Pastor, "that voice should be Colonel Sydenham's, but where's the body? Alas! gallant saul, are ye gane for ever?"

"No, not for ever;" replied the Colonel, coming out of his concealment. The Cavaliers sprung upon him, and grasped his hands:

"By my saul," cried Armstrong, "it's himsel' in his ain flesh an' bleid; this'll e'en be braw news till ye ken wha.—Hollo, Jernigham."

He clapped his hands, and an armed

man appeared at the curtain, or barricado, over the portal, to whom Armstrong spoke, and the wicket of the great gate was expanded. Sydenham, in the mean time, brought forth his companion, to whom he introduced the borderer: Sidebotham, his native countryman, knew him before. They all clambered over the ruins, and entered the wicket, which was instantly barred and chained. The Colonel's first business was to enquire for his wife; and Armstrong informed him, that the grief with which she was overwhelmed on quitting the inn at Marple, had thrown her into a fever, wherein she had languished until news was brought of his escape from Chester; from that day she had revived, and was now sufficiently well to leave her chamber.

"Bide a wee," cried the borderer, "an' I'll gar her be prepared for yer coming."

He hastened forward, but not so fast but that Sydenham was at his heels. The

Scot pushed the folding doors of her apartment open, and the Colonel beheld his wife sitting in an attitude of melancholy reflection. She started up, on seeing them enter, and flew on the wings of love into the arms of her husband. Armstrong very delicately left the room, and we shall follow his example.

When the Colonel and his lady had finished their interview, Mr. White and the two officers joined them, and they partook of supper together. Sydenham, upon enquiring the state of the siege, and stating it to be impossible to hold out against a storm, now the moat was diverted, was told by Armstrong that he had only arrived in time to see their ruin.

"We ha'e no' five rounds of ammunition," said the Scot. "Nor two days' provisions," pursued Sidebotham.

"There is the deil's ain gapin' breach in the wa'," continued the borderer; "an' it's no stoppit but wi' rubbish; an' that bonnie lad, Snell, swears, to-morrow he'll set the castle in ae lowe, an' burn

us out, gin we dinna hang out a flag o' render by day-break."

"What number of men have ye?" said the Colonel.

"About one hundred," replied Sidebotham; "they're tall fellows, and many of them served under yer honour in the late war."

"Let them be drawn out by day-break," said Sydenham, calmly; "give them as much as they like to eat and drink; and see that their horses are properly looked to. To-morrow will be a warm day, and they will need full feeding. I will tell ye my mind when we meet in the morning. Armstrong, provide Mr. White a bed."

They then separated, and retired to rest.

## CHAP. IX.

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

*Othello.*

At day-break the Colonel walked into the court-yard, attended by Armstrong. He was clad in a complete suit of old fashioned tilting armour, which, by good fortune, Sidebotham discovered in the castle armoury. The men were drawn up in the front of their horses, and by the length and solemnity of their visages, it was plain they had, during the previous night, been "inwardly ruminating the morning's danger." Upon beholding the Colonel, who nodded or spoke to each man he knew, their gloom wore

off, and they shortly carried an air more confident and presumptuous than it was before sad and desponding.

[It was in those days the practice (though it may seem a little singular to military men of this day's school,) for a commanding officer to address his soldiers before joining battle, of the truth of which fact we might here adduce numerous examples; and it seemeth to us somewhat of an over-refinement in military economy, that this practice is now in desuetude. Surely what was practised by Scipio, and approved by his learned friend Polybius, need not have been utterly scouted by our modern officers; for although General Bonaparte, that thunderbolt of war, accustomed himself to calculate merely upon the physical force of his soldiers, like mechanical automata, yet the example of a despotic monarch should be no rule for British generals, who have now, and we trust ever will have, a soldiery as rational and

intelligent as they are bold and courageous.]*

With the same countenance of cheerfulness and confidence with which Cæsar was wont to address his legions, Colonel Sydenham thus harangued his troop :

" There are many of ye here, friends and cavaliers, who have, under my eye, run the fortunes of our royal master, and in hotter fights than you are likely to be engaged in to-day, have not only come off with flying colours, but given your enemies a bloody testimony of your valour and discipline. I see more than a score of ye, and doubtless there are others whom I may have forgotten, who were present at the battle on the Yorkshire hills; that, brothers, was a day of danger, but it was also a day of glory. Ye will remember that our regiment bore the brunt of the fight, and that several gallant men won commissions, among the rest, my friend and your

* Editorial interpol. L. G.

officer, Lieutenant Sidebotham. There is no hope for us here, but that of cutting our way through the foe; and trust me, gentlemen, I believe we have strengt-hand courage to effect it. — Mount, friends; prepare for march."

The men sprang upon their horses, and formed two bodies; one commanded by Armstrong, and the other by Sidebotham. Sydenham withdrew into the castle, but immediately returned with his wife and Mr. White. The former was clothed in a riding dress, but wore over it a buff cloak, to guard her as well as possible from the cuts of the enemy. Her countenance was serene and undaunted, and she smiled as she bowed to the soldiers; but the emotion of her husband was visible through all his struggles to hide it.

"We may protect you," said he, "against their weapons, — but what can against their shot?"

She looked upwards, and replied devoutly, "God can, Charles; and if I deserve it, doubt not but he will. I am

in his hands, and though naked, as secure as those who are clad in steel."

"He who trusts in the Lord," said the Pastor, "will never be confounded."

Their horses were now brought out; Lady Sydenham was placed on a blood mare, full of spirit; and her husband rode a stout charger, of vast bone and action. The Colonel placed his wife in the rear of the troop, between Armstrong and himself, leaving to Sidebotham the post of leader of the van; and Mr. White, who had armed himself as a trooper, closed the file. The morning (as is usual in that hilly country) was damp and foggy; a thick mist, which had come down from the Derby hills, blotted out the face of the sun, and rendered it impossible to see a score yards forward; and when Sydenham ordered the gate to be thrown open, and the bridge lowered, he was surprised to observe that the haze hid the enemy's camp from sight.

"The Lord is for us, as Cromwell used to say," cried Armstrong. "Gently,

gently down, my lads, an' we may pass undiscovered."

Sidebotham spurred his horse over the bridge, and was followed by the troop. The whole passed in safety: but the noise they made alarmed the enemy, who, fancying they were in the act of making a sally, commenced a furious cannonade against the bare walls, whilst Sydenham put the troop to speed, and crossing the Chase, soon got into the high road.* Providence had so far watched over them, but they had not yet escaped from danger. There was no other way for their passage into Derbyshire but over the bridge at Marple, where Snell had his quarters, and as it was his practice to be at the leaguer of Wibberley with his troopers by sun-rise, it was to be expected they should meet him; they were, however, agreeably disappointed, for they approached the town without en-

* It was in this way, our readers will remember, that Balfour and his horse escaped from Charles the first, at Lestithiel.

countering a single armed man. The entrance into Marple from the Stockport road was then (we believe it is now*) made by an angular turn, about two hundred yards from the hostel, and as the Cavaliers swept round this corner, they found the bridge occupied by Snell and his men, who, unsuspicious of their enemies' approximity, were going through their daily examination on foot, previously to their march to the castle. Snell at first sight knew the Cavaliers, by the white scarves which they wore over their shoulders; and muttering curses, cried out to his men "to stand firm and give fire." This command was obeyed, but with little effect, for Sydenham, putting himself at the head of the troop, charged over the bridge, and those Round-heads who escaped death by the swords and pistols of the Cavaliers, were trampled under the horses' feet, or got off by leaping into the river, and swim-

* Editorial interpol. L. G.

ming to the opposite bank. Snell alone was made prisoner. With the greatest intrepidity and coolness, he fired his pistols upon the Cavaliers, and drawing his sword, laid about him with desperate fury; but Armstrong, with a blow of his lochaber, shivered Snell's weapon, and he was then taken. Sydenham, at this moment, rode up and raised his beaver; Snell groaned horribly, and gnashed his teeth.

"Free him!" cried Sydenham, "I owe him a life. We are now even, Sir."

"We will be," exclaimed Snell, "if we are not now."

"That 'll ne'er happen till the breath's out of yer body," cried Armstrong, "for yer life's forfeit till the manes of my murther'd kinsmen; an' though ye 'scape now, ye ill-faur'd churl, this 'll no' be the last meetin' I shall hae wi' ye."

"Would it were now," replied his adversary; "I, naked as I am, and you armed and mounted."

"Pass on," said Sydenham; "our

time is precious. Comrades, form — close files — march."

The troop rode gently off, and Sydenham again joined his wife in the rear: they soon cleared the town, and a few hours' march brought them to Bradshaw Hall. Sydenham then halted the troop, and informed them that the time fixed for a general rising was now past, and the plans for effecting such an object would take some time in reorganization; it would therefore be best, at present, to dissolve, and each man to return to his home.

"You shall have timely notice to reassemble," said the Colonel; "and I thank ye, in the king's name, for this proof of your loyalty, your courage, and your constancy. The day is not far distant when the Cavaliers will no longer need to hide their heads, and ye will then meet those rewards your good services so well deserve. Farewell, friends! may we meet again, and speedily.

Sidebotham and his comrades parted

with three cheers, and continued their route towards Chapel-en-le-Frith, leaving Lady Sydenham, the Colonel, Armstrong, and Mr. White, at the hall. This house, as well as the castle of Wibberley, had been granted to Serjeant Bradshaw by the parliament; and he, seldom visiting it, allowed those servants to continue who had resided there in the life of his brother. Lady Sydenham found nothing altered: the domestics, who were grown old in their situations, received their young mistress with tears of unfeigned delight; and heard, with genuine sorrow, that their late master and his lady were no longer alive. Mr. White, after he had taken some refreshment, proposed to pursue his route towards Banner Cross, wishing to behold his relations, from whom he had been absent several years; and Sydenham took the opportunity of sending by him a message to the old steward, Mark Green, who still resided at the Castle Town.

To the honour of the tenantry and

vassalage of the barony, be it related, that although they were oppressed by multifarious talliages and exactions, yet, firm in their affection to the house of Falconridge, a considerable sum was annually raised among them, and transmitted through the hands of the steward to the baron abroad — a pattern of loyal consideration very rarely equalled, and certainly never surpassed in any age or country.

Armstrong volunteered to accompany Mr. White to the steward's, and promised to bring the seneschal back under his protection. He and the pastor disencumbered themselves of their arms, and the Scot arrayed himself in a servant's doublet, which he borrowed from one of the domestics, retaining, for his security, his pistols, concealed in his vestment, and his sword. Mr. White took his leave of Lady Sydenham and the Colonel, and departed with his companion. They passed through Chapel-en-le-Frith, where many of the cavaliers, with

their accustomed contempt of danger, were drinking at the inn, still kept by Robin Shortmalt, whilst their horses stood round the door; and our travellers were convinced, by the loud and long peals of laughter which issued from the house, that, by this time, they had become pretty well soaked with liquor.

"Were it not proper, Lieutenant," said the pastor, "that you visited these unthinking men, and commanded their departure. If the enemy should have followed our steps, they will assuredly fall a sacrifice to their intemperance."

"De'il ha'e them," cried the Lieutenant, "the wine will be in, an' the wit out; an' ye might as weel strive to stir Eccles Pike yonder frae its base, as ae drunken swab frae his seat of glory."

"But mind ye, Mr. Armstrong," continued the Preacher, "that Colonel Snell is an active officer; and it is not improbable that he will collect his forces, and pursue our march. These soldiers should not be lost for lack of speaking to,

and as you were their officer, doubtless they will be obedient to your injunction."

"Why, Sir," answered Armstrong, "ye're no just that acquaint wi' the Cavalier laddies that I am mysel'; an' I gie ye my word as ae sodger, that these men wad pay as meikle regard till my orders now, as they wad till yer ain, or you auld carlines. Snell himsel' wad fin' it ae tight job to rouse the quarries frae their lair."

Mr. White said no more; but walked into the inn, where he found Sidebotham, and about thirty of his troop, enjoying themselves, to their hearts' content, over the products of Shortmalt's cellar. One of the soldiers had been singing the favourite song of "Charley over the water," and concluded as the Pastor entered the house. Sidebotham sprang from his seat on seeing him, and, thinking he was about to confer a favour on the Preacher, insisted upon his taking the place he had quitted, and helping himself from the bickers and bowls which stood

upon the table. But the Pastor soon undeceived him.

"I come not here," said White, solemnly, "to join in your intemperance, nor to take part in your revels; God forbid I should so disgrace the sacred profession of which I am an unworthy member; but I visit ye, gentlemen, in the hope of bringing to your recollection (for ye seem to have forgotten it) the dangerous pit-fall on which ye stand. I beseech ye to consider, Lieutenant Sidebotham, whether you are doing your duty as an officer, (who is accountable for the lives of his soldiers needlessly wasted,) in loitering here, where ye are subject to that chance which put the lives of our enemies, this morning, into your hands?"

"Comrades; to the right about—kneel down," cried Sidebotham, "while the Puritan preaches."

Not disturbed by this order, which was immediately executed by the men, Mr. White proceeded—

"This morning, gentlemen, the Lord stirred eminently in your behalf; and is it thus ye thank him? He saved your lives from destruction; and is it thus ye reward him? He gave your foes into your hands, and opened ye a path as miraculous as that of the Israelites escaping from bondage; and yet, ye blind infatuated sinners, ye are not sensible of his love. Be assured, that ye now drink judgment unto yourselves; and if ye take not this warning, the Lord will give ye over as a spoil to the enemy."

"Hath your reverence concluded?" said the Lieutenant with mock humility, "because it will then be necessary to give out a psalm. Brethren, let us sing in praise, 'The Cavalier', an anthem."

He then commenced the song of that name, adapting it to a solemn tune, and was joined by his companions, to the utter horror and astonishment of the worthy Pastor, whose blood curdled at the profane parody. Armstrong, who had awaited the return of the Preacher with-

out the house, now entered, to learn the cause of the delay, and was seized with laughter at the singular scene before him. But no sooner did the Cavaliers perceive it was the Borderer, than they sprang up from their kneeling posture, and joined obstreperously in his mirth.

"Dinna let me disturb yer devotion," cried Armstrong; "it's no sae aft ye're in the cue. By my saul, Mr. White, they say Saint Anthony drew the fishes of the sea to hear his preaching, but ye've done mair this day, as I can safely testify."

"Spare your jeering, Sir," replied the Pastor; "it is ill-timed. Darker than the heathen are these men, and worse, for they reject their Saviour."

"Nay, by my faith," cried Sidebotham, "we hold him in fear and reverence."

"Ye hold nought in fear and reverence," exclaimed the Preacher; "neither mortal nor immortal; body nor soul. The Lord may send ye a preacher,

but ye obey not: neither do ye incline an ear; but ye make your necks stiff, that ye may not hear, nor receive instruction. How long will ye be blind, O sons of the daughters of men?"

"Until our eyes be opened, O sons of the daughters of women!" cried Sidebotham.

"Alas!" continued the preacher; "I see ye will walk after your own devices, and every one of ye will do the imaginations of his evil heart; but the Lord will scatter ye as with an east wind before the enemy; he will hide his face from ye in the day of your calamity. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye not turn from your sins, O house of Israel!"

"House of Israel!" cried Sidebotham, affecting to be angry; "do ye take us for Jews!—sad dogs are we in truth, but Jews!—call us not Jews, Sir; we are men of mettle and honour."

"Of mettle ye may be, Lieutenant Sidebotham," said White; "and questionless

ye have shown full gallantly your courage, but in truth I cannot see how honour may exist compatible with an utter disregard of every thing holy; and even granting your assertion, your conduct is still blameable; it lacketh discretion, and discretion should be a soldier's chiefest virtue. What would Colonel Sydenham say of ye, did he know, that, instead of conducting your troop into Hidelands, you were here, in the face of day, wassailing and exposing them to the enemy?"

"The troop, Sir," said Sidebotham, "is dissolved; the muster was called here, and the men broke. Each man is a private cavalier, and we are all equal. You will not deny that it is the proper right of every individual to follow his liking. Seventy men rode homeward; we stayed here, to drink a speedy return to King Charles, and confusion to his enemies."

"An' I'll e'en join ye in that toast," cried Armstrong, filling a cup of wine. He gave the toast, and emptied the cup,

"an' till my thinkin', Master White," continued the borderer, "ye'll no disgrace yer ministry by doin' the like."

"Nevertheless, Sir," answered the Pastor; "I will stand excused; the spirit of your toast rests in my heart, and hath no need of outward ceremony to preserve it in existence."

"Aweel, aweel, ye're ae guid judge of yer ain conscience," cried Armstrong, "and ye'se no tak' the vomit wi' ae wry mou', — but cummers, how lang do yer honours mean to wassail here? It's amaist likely that bleid-hound Snell will be laid on the scent ere now, an' ye're in no case to bide the meeting."

"Jonathan Snell may go to hell;" replied Sidebotham: "if he shows his feather here, he shall be met withal."

"Ay, ay," said the Scot; "but ye'se mind he'll be ten strang till yer one, an' ye'll no think of fechtin' sic odds I trow."

"Ay, marry, but we will," cried Sidebotham; "and when we can fight no longer, we'll ride and run — what say ye,

comrades? Is there one dastard among ye, that would run without striking a blow against any odds? — speak. If there be, let him draw off."

"Not one," cried all; "if he brings an army of devils."

"That's right," cried Sidebotham; "they're true cocks of my own breed, and that's game, look ye, to the back-bone. I'll stand by ye, while I've steel to my hilt, and strength in my arm, or may I be horsed for a coward, and eaten by blue devils."

Sidebotham was soon perfectly drunk, and insisted that Armstrong and the Pastor should sit down, but they steadily refused.

"Sit ye down, my worthies," cried the English Lieutenant; "and make yourselves merry at my expence — (hiccup) — it's all at my expence, isn't it, Shortmalt? — (hiccup) — where the devil's Shortmalt? Robin, you lousy Round-head, come forth, and show us your villanous phiz." He then attempted to sing,

King James, he was a noble king,
And well his Majesty could sing;
He lik'd a Jack
Of good old sack;
And for bright Champagne
Would have lost his reign;
So fond was King James of wassailry.

"Hurra! my jolly boys; (hiccup)—let Snell and his infernal troop show their faces, that's all—let them come within the sweep of my broad sword." He continued his song:

King James he loved a ranting blade,
And King James he loved a pretty maid;
The noble soul
Loved a swimming bowl;
From a wench's lip,
The juice would he sip;
So fond was King James of wine and love.

The Pastor quitted the house, and walked slowly onward towards Banner Cross; Armstrong still staid behind, in the hope of prevailing upon the other Cavaliers to set out; but in vain, they were to a man more or less intoxicated, and refused to stir.

"Come, Armstrong," said Sidebotham, when Mr. White had quitted the house, "now old Formality's gone, ye may sit down and take your rest; (hiccup) drink, man, for old fellowship; (hiccup) there's nought like good wine for improving the —(hiccup) no, not the hiccup, but the (hiccup)—D——n the hiccup. What was I talking about? Never mind, I'll give ye the last verse of King James" (hiccup)

King James was two score years and five,
And King James was the merryest King alive;
For he danced and sung,
Till the welkin rung;
He drank, and play'd
With his pretty maid;
So fond was King James of revelry.

"An pray ye, my guid chiel," said Armstrong, "whilk of the Jamies do ye mean? for I ne'er heard of this merry fellow afore."

"D—n me, if I know," replied Sidebotham, "or if I care (hiccup). Sit ye down, Armstrong, and don't stand there, like a Round-head. Here, Robin Short-

malt — more wine, ye greasy faced tapster — an ye don't sit, Armstrong, ye're no friend of mine, and as little of the cause (hiccup). Shortmalt ! Here, ye imp of Belzebub. Bring us half a dozen flasks of cogniac and some claret."

Armstrong, at length perceiving there was no chance of gaining his point, left the inn in despite of the drunken remonstrances of Sidebotham and his friends. He hastily walked down the hill towards Banner Cross, and having overtaken the Pastor, they proceeded on their way.

## CHAP. X.

In haste the portal was unclosed then,
And swung unto the lymit of itt's barre;
And forthe there issued armed horse and men,
Pursuyng and pursued in one wylde warre:
Nowe mote ye heare the victor's shout from far,
Which pealed throughe the ayr wyth dreadful veyne,
Seemyng the foemen's fortytude to marre;
Who never turned headde, nor drew a reyne,
'Till they had 'scap'd the townne, and gain'd the level playne.

*Romaunt of Alfred*

ARMSTRONG and the Pastor continued on their rout across the Paisley Moss, with great expedition, beguiling their march by conversing on the brutal intemperance of the cavaliers whom they had left at Chapel-en-le-Frith.

"It is one of yer English proverbs," said the Scot, "'that the proof of the puddin's in the eatin;' an' ye'll now be convinced, Mr. White, that I spake veritably, in saying ye might as weel try to move a mountain as a drunken mon.

Sidebotham an' his cummers wad na put foot in stirrup, were an angel to come frae heaven an' pray 'em till't. They'll haud their wassail till this time to-morrow, gin they're na roused by Snell."

"Wine, as the holy proverbs say," answered the pastor, "is truly a mocker; and strong drink is as a raging lion: nay, worse than either are those enemies of man; for, with a deceitful and hollow treachery, they beguile our understandings, under the assumption of cheering our spirits. Best is he who putteth wholly away the devilish workers of intoxication."

"Halt there, Master White," said Armstrong; "ye're backing ae cusser that'll kick out yer ain harns; for though, ye ken, I mind little of ceremonies, an' to me maist sects of religion are black an' a' black, yet I'm given to thinkin the great God wad na create ony thing whilk there was nae use for; an' its no' to say, that because ae batch o' bullies dinna ken to mete proper measure till

their wants, that guid wine an' brandy are the de'il's ain potations. Haud there; that's ae gate too far."

"I confess, Mr. Armstrong," answered Mr. White, humbly, "you have answered me upon this point much to your own honour, and my confusion. The Lord doth indeed create nothing without some wise purpose in view; and he must lack common understanding, who dare insist otherwise."

"What think ye of the King's return?" said the Borderer, delicately changing the conversation. "Is it nearer than before Cromwell's death? or is the race of the Stuarts banished for ever?"

"Trust me," replied White, "I hope not so: the people of England are aweary of their slavery and debasement under this military regimen, and will doubtless shake off the degrading yoke."

"Gin the people are na weary of their subjection," said Armstrong, "I trow king Charlie is of his exile. It's daft wark playing wi' yer thumbs for years

thegither; an' after beholding, for a wee bit, the splendour of his father's court, to sit down in ae German city, wi' nae mair state than ane of their pitiful barons."

"Remember," said the Pastor, "*Viro forti pro sceptro gladius, galea pro diademate, ipsum pectus cohortes prætorianæ.*"

"What language is that?" said the Borderer.

"Latin," answered Mr. White.

"Latin!" echoed his companion. "I'm no' gifted wi' the Latin tongue. For yer French now, or ae taste of German, or Spanish, (whilk I learned in the *Pays Bas*, when I served under Lorrain,) I could answer ye wi' little difficulty; but it's na' but priests an' gownsmen talk Latin."

Their conversation was arrested by a loud noise, resembling the report of fire-arms, and they instantly turned their heads. They had, by this time, attained the crown of the moor, and could see,

with tolerable exactness, the road from Chapel-en-le-Frith, except where their sight was broken, in some few places, by trees and hollows, before it entered on the Moss.

I fear me," said the Pastor, "the enemy have fallen upon them."

"We shall soon see," answered Armstrong: "Sidebotham may fight like ae de'il, an' I ken he wull, but they'll no' be even-handed. Hark ye! ye may hear their cries."

"May the Lord let his mercy lighten upon them," ejaculated White; "but their own folly has wrought their destruction."

"Ay, ay—now they come," cried the Borderer; "the white scarves ride at ae merry rate. Keep it up—keep it up—ye'll wind the Round-heads. Why the de'il did ye na do sae at first, when they were blown wi' their march."

The Cavaliers could indeed be seen, from the point on which Armstrong and the Pastor stood, making good use of

their spurs down the road from the town. A hollow bottom, between Chapel and the Moss, hid them some time from sight; but, in less than five minutes, the Scotsman observed them pressing their horses at speed over the moor, in the direction they had come, and followed by a body of the enemy five times their number.

"It's each man for himsel', I trow," said Armstrong; "we maun flee."

"Hold, Mr. Armstrong!" replied the Preacher, "I know this ground well. A little behind the hillock, which standeth yonder, there is a deep pit, which may conceal us till the foe be past. There is no nearer nor any more secure asylum."

They withdrew from the road to the little hill which the Pastor had pointed out, and, passing behind it, extended themselves on the earth, with their heads slightly raised among the fern, so that they could see the issue of the rout, without being observed. The Cavaliers, whose horses were fresh, and knew the ground, had much advantage over the enemy;

and the fight seemed to have restored their senses. When they had reached the point where the Scotsman and his companion had lately stood, they parted their force into several divisions, and each took a different way across the moor. The Round-heads did the like, and followed them with steady perseverance; but they soon found, by their horses sinking belly-deep into the quagmires and soft ground, that it was not only bootless, but dangerous to make further pursuit. They returned slowly to the main road, and the Cavaliers quickly disappeared. The enemy halted on the crown of the moor, and it seemed to Armstrong that the officers held a consultation, for, in a short time, half of the force filed off towards Banner Cross, and the remainder returned to Chapel-en-le-Frith.

"What the de'il maun we do now?" said the Borderer; "we've the foe baith afore an' behind; gin we gang forward till the Castle Town, we shall be snappit; an' gin we draw back till Chapel-en-le-

Frith, we shall be snappit too ; out of the frying-pan intil the ingle. An' what'll Colonel Sydenham and his leddy do, gin they binna a'ready ta'en?"

"Our first duty," replied the Pastor, "is to return to the hall ; and if Providence hath spared our friends, I shall be able, God willing, to conceal them in the mountains. I have friends where the enemy cannot come."

"Natheless, Snell maun be weel acquent wi' these hills," answered Armstrong.

"Yea, as well as I, or any one," said the Minister, "for he was ever a rover and tracker of the deer ; but he will not know that my young lord is here, if he hath so far escaped — rather will he imagine he hath left the country."

"Ye say right weel," said the Scot ; "but how are we to get back till the ha' ; unless we had each ae pair of wings, to mount o'er the town, I kenna —"

"Follow me," interrupted the Pastor ;

"I will lead ye safe, though the distance may be considerable."

"Hoot awa, mon! ae heavy heart makes ae light pair of heels," replied Armstrong. "Gang yer gate."

Crossing the moor in a south-westerly direction, they kept aloof from Chapel-en-le-Frith, and approached the conical hill called the Pike of Eccles, behind which lay the hall. The valley beneath this mountain was not only romantic, but very fertile and productive; whilst its sides, as they rose to greater height, became rocky and sterile. The high road nearly crossed the apex, as did most of the old ways in Derbyshire, for which we cannot account, (as the ruggedness and difficulty of the roads must have been much increased by their high situation,) except that the mountaineers inhabiting this romantic country, were too great lovers of the picturesque and sublime to confine their peregrinations to the more safe and easy, but less grand passage

through the valleys. The Pastor and Armstrong toiled up the mountain side, and at length attained the top, which overlooked Bradshaw Hall, and the scenery we have described in our first mention of that mansion. The lake, distant about half a mile from the Pike, reflected the golden beams of the declining sun, which was now fast departing in his fiery-wheeled car; whilst the remote hills, bounding its further side, began to assume a hue of deep-shaded purple.

"Have ye seen Kinder Scout?" said the preacher to Armstrong; "the King of Hills?"

"Nae," replied the Scot; "whilk is his Majesty?"

"Turn your head to the north-east," said White, "ye will see him frowning in black authority over his dependents."

"What, is this him at t'other side o' the glen?" said the Borderer.

"No," answered the Pastor; "the hill nearest us is Chinley Churn. Look

farther, far as your eye can stretch; its dark brow bounds the horizon."

"Oh! ay, I have him now," said Armstrong; "O my fegs! he's ae huge monster. He an' Ben Lomond are twin brithers."

"He looketh," said the Pastor, "like ae rock, upon which the ocean might beat for ever, and never wag his head."

They descended the hill, and crossing the road, were pursuing their way to the hall, when a man sprang from behind a wall, and called to them to stay; upon explanation, they found he was a servant of the house, sent to inform them that it was filled with soldiers. They had arrived there in less than two hours after the departure of the Scotsman and his companion, but luckily their approach was discovered time enough to conceal the Colonel and his Lady in a vaulted chamber, constructed by the architect of the mansion, so as to elude the observation of those who were un-

acquainted with the secret aperture. Into this chamber were conveyed, not only the Colonel and Lady Sydenham, but their arms and accoutrements, dresses, and valuables; in short, every thing which could awaken suspicion or the love of plunder in the Round-heads. The commanding officer had been met by the old steward, who replied adroitly to his interrogations, and threatened him with the anger of the lord president, in case he persisted in leaving a force at the hall. His threats, however, produced no impression; for Colonel Snell, who was himself at the head of the troop, selected a dozen of his soldiers, and stationed them there, under the command of Cornet Macrae. He then pursued his march towards Chapel-en-le-Frith. The steward, fearing the return of Armstrong accompanied by Mark Green, had sent this man out to apprize them of the foregoing facts; and to state further, that when the soldiers were gone to rest, Colonel Sydenham and his lady might

come forth, and go whither they would, for that the secret door opened into the common vaults of the hall, and the doorway leading to them issued into the court-yard.

"Hauds the commanding officer nae guard in the court?" said Armstrong.

"Yea, he doth," answered the man, "but not o' that side. The vault door opens under the west wing, and the sentry's at th' east, so that ye'll see it's quite hidden by the north wing."

By this time the vapours of night began to gather, and the blue mist, descending upon the tops of the mountains, gradually enveloped them in shade; by degrees the thick fog, invading the valleys, shrouded them also in darkness. The air on the Pike became intensely cold, and the wind hurtled through the valley of Chinley, as if Æolus himself had been on the blast.

The servant conducted Armstrong and the Pastor by a path across the Home Close, which lay between the road and Bradshaw Hall, to the court-yard. They

there found, as the man had informed them, that Macrae, instead of fixing his guard at the portal, or entrance to the court, had only done so at the door of the hall; so that the entrance to the vaults was hidden from observation by the interposition of the northern wing; the house (as we have before remarked) being built in form of a St. George's cross.

With silent steps they stole down the narrow way leading to the court, and turning to the right, entered the vaults under the west wing.

The servant barred the door, and told his companions silently to follow him; they groped their way darkling until he stopped, and drew from his pocket a flint and steel, with which he gave light to a small taper; and they perceived by its sickly flame, that the vault was entirely surrounded by wine binns; the servant gave the taper to Mr. White, and taking off the top of one of the binns, drew out two small bolts, which fastened in the front, and took it clear away; he

performed the same operation on the back, and a low door, reaching no higher than the binn, was visible. He knocked gently thrice, and repeated the name of the borderer; at this signal, a bolt was drawn back, and the door opened without any noise. They were forced to stoop on entering, and at length found themselves in the presence of Colonel Sydenham and his Lady.

The servant, by desire of the former, retired, with instructions to return so soon as the enemy were at rest. The door was closed, and they could hear the man replace the binn in statu quo.

This vault was flagged and wainscotted; and had, apparently before this time, been frequently occupied, for at one end was a couch, although without covering, and in the midst, a small fire-place, with holes perforated in the wall to exhale the smoke, from which it was probable there was a communication with the chimneys of the hall. The arms and accoutrements of the Colonel were disposed on

hooks around the vault, and refreshments, supplied by the servants, were placed on an oaken slab, fixed in a recess adjoining the fire-place.

Sydenham smiled as they entered, and said — "You see we are low enough, at last, Armstrong; the Round-heads cannot drive us deeper, unless into Eldon Hole."

"The de'il drive 'em," answered the Scot, "intill his ain habitation; I had hopit the claws of that tiger Snell were cut, but ye see he's as strang as ever.'"

"Know ye his force?" said the Colonel.

"By my saul," replied the Borderer, "he's nae less than one hundred and fifty mounted troopers at his back. — Master White an' I had ae fair sight of them, as they chased Sidebotham's party o'er the moss."

"Sidebotham's party!" exclaimed the Colonel. "How is it possible either they or you could come up with our horse? They parted at least two hours before you

left us, and full four before Snell came hither."

Armstrong laughed, and recounted to him every thing which had passed, from their setting forth. The narration made Sydenham's brow blacken, and his eye kindle with indignation.

"At such a time," said the Colonel, "to give way to intoxication, when the foe was hard upon our track — the fellow deserved his death."

"Hath he escaped?" said Lady Sydenham.

"That's mair than we ken, my Leddy," replied the Borderer; "for they rode too fast for us to cleck ae glimps or ae glow'r at their faces; ye may depend, drunken or sober, the Lieutenant was last of the field, for he's ay as brave ae lad as ye'll meet here an' there ane; an' wad see his bairns clean aff ere he'd stick spur till flank."

The conversation here took a turn; the Colonel enquired of Armstrong, what answer General Monk had returned to

a communication made by him through the medium of the Borderer?

"Sit ye down," said Armstrong "and I'll gie ye the hail o' my journey, frae the time I left your honour wi' your parents at Rouen."

The Colonel seated himself by his Lady on the couch, Mr. White occupied a stool beside the slab, and Armstrong possessed himself of another opposite the fire-place.

"On the anniversary of Marston fight," said the Scot, "I quitted your honour at Rouen, and in less time than I had counted on, I made the coast of England at Ravenspur. My horse was lodged wi' ae friend an' cavalier of those parts, an' I mounted for Scotland the day I set foot on English ground. My bonny bleid bare me till Edinbro' in three days, an' I lighted frae his back in the evening, at the auld house in the Kirk Croft. The gate was open till the wa', an' the mansion blazed wi' light. Ye may fancy I augur'd weel of his Excel-

lency, syne this was mair liberty than my kinsman had when Argyle's faction of his ain countrymen held the sword. Yer honour may weel remember the difference."

"I have not forgotten it," replied Sydenham.

"After shaking hands wi' my kinsmen, my first wark was to enquire after your Leddyship, an' deliver ye the Colonel's letters; an' I learnt, till my profound greeting, that your Leddyship's mother an' your bonnie warmies, had a' fa'n victims till ae malignant fever — I dinna ken what could support ye under yer grievous trial."

"It was God assuredly," said the pastor; "he is our only refuge in time of tribulation."

Lady Sydenham covered her face with her hand, but the convulsive motion of her breast proclaimed the depth of her feelings. The Colonel was calm, but his darkened brow shewed he was not without emotion on this recollection of his

loss. It was some time before the former recovered her serenity, and she did so by mere strength of her piety and religious discipline. — The Scotsman then proceeded —

"I neist visited General Monk, an' found his Excellency unco' cantie, but he wad no say black nor white, an' I came awa' as I went. On my return till her Leddyship, she taud me it was her resolution to gang southward, and meet your honour in Derbyshire; but forbade me to gie ye ony inklin of the matter, lest ye should for fear object till it. I sent till yer honour ae word that Monk wad gang nae gate at present, tho' he leaned till the Cavaliers, an' her Leddyship inclosed in my packet ae letter wi' the account of yer misfortin;"

"I received both," said the Colonel, sighing.

"His Excellency gar'd nae difficulty to gie me ae passport, an' her Leddyship an'

I left Edinborough, mounted an' fashion'd as ye met us at Marple. Ye were there betrayed, an' as we hae syne been acquent by ae prisoner ta'en at Wibberley, the traitor's some courtier of the King."

The Colonel shook his head.

"Aweel," pursued the Scot, "ye should ken better than I, but there's nae muckle fealty at this day."

"The plan of our enterprize," said the Colonel, "was concerted entirely in the council; I laid before his Majesty the letters full of promise and assurance from my friends here, and the day of rising was named by the Marquis of Ormond. Had Monk come into our scheme, the plot was sure of success. Surely no traitor dare show his face at the council-board — he must be bold indeed."

The Borderer did not reply to the Colonel's speech, but pursued his narration.

"At Marple, I had muckle difficulty to gar her Leddyship refrain frae

discovering hersell till a', tho' I pressed on her that she wad tine her ain liberty wi'out winning yours, an' that she wad be burthensome till ye, gin ye could escape, whilk was now yer ainly chance.— The last argument conquer'd, an' she cover'd her head wi' her mantle to devour unmarked her piteous agony. I comforted her, as we talked by the ingle, wi' the hope o' bringing ye aff on the morrow, gin we could win the castle before, an' fortin favour'd us, for that chiel Snell fairly turned us out o' the hostel. We gained Wibberley by the help of our passport, and ye ken the rest. Though we laid ane troop of the Round-heads in the dust, we fail'd in yer rescue, an' Leddy Sydenham fell sick of the mischance. The news of yer escape frae Chester, whilk I learnt in ae nightly sortie, restored her till her health, an' us till our spirits —"

They were interrupted by the removal of the binn, and the signal on the door,

which the Colonel opened, and admitted the steward himself, who came to give them notice that Macrae and his comrades, the sentinel excepted, were now at rest.

## CHAP. XI.

Move gently past him — tread soft — make no noise;
We may escape if fortune favour us: —
—— And if he turn, dispatch him with a blow.
*Siege of Candy.*

Ho! cousin Anthony!—awake! arise!
I crave a shelter, and the night is keen —
Stir my good heart! this cold is perishing.
*Old Contention of York and Lancaster.*

THE Colonel and his male companions assumed their cloaks and weapons, preparing to quit the retreat, attended by Lady Sydenham, who was still clothed in the riding dress she had worn in the morning. They issued from the vault, which the steward instantly reclosed; and so soon as they had arrived at the door of the outer cellar, he extinguished his taper. The night air chilled them as they silently opened the door, and advanced into the court, and Lady Syden-

ham's heart beat fast, as she heard the regulated step of the sentinel pacing the other side of the court. Sydenham and the borderer drew their swords, intending, if fate ordained, to dispatch the guard without noise; but they had no occasion to stain their weapons, for the trooper turned not his head whilst they were passing the portal. The steward returned to the hall with a flaggon of wine, which he had brought with him from the cellar, and to fetch which had been his ostensible errand with the sentry, when passing him from the house. He now secured his observation by offering him a share of the flaggon; and long before they had finished the discussion of the contents, the fugitives, whom we shall accompany, were beyond discovery.

The Colonel, on emerging into the road, was at a loss for a destination; without horses or money, they could make no attempt to gain the sea-coast; and it was moreover the wish of Sydenham to await some time longer, in England, the course

of public events. His hopes still rested on General Monk; and he was unwilling to give up all share in the glorious enterprize of bringing back the family of Stuart to the throne of their ancestors. Sydenham was, in fact, the head and *primum mobile* of the active cavaliers; and it would be, he thought, a derogation from his fame, were he to abandon his post, when such an event as the death of the Protector seemed to offer an opening and inducement to the nation to throw off its subjection. He therefore resolved to conceal himself, but knew not where, and communicated his thoughts to his companions. Mr. White proposed that they should follow him, and he would undertake to place them in safety.

"I have relations," said the pastor, "still living, both in Hopedale and the mountains; they are, indeed, of my persuasion, but still dutiful (as are all men truly religious) to the duties of loyalty and hospitality. Follow me, Colonel and my Lady; follow me, Mr. Armstrong;

and if ye shall gain little glory by living under the protection of a minister, ye shall be in safety under Christ, who is of all things the master."

They put forward with considerable speed, and passed through the town of Chapel-en-le-Frith, where, at Shortmalt's inn, they observed a sentinel marching to and fro before the door. They staid not here, but proceeded towards Banner Cross, and before midnight arrived at the entrance to the Winnets. Hence they diverged to the left, and passing beneath the Mother Rock, advanced towards the northern part of the Hope-dale. They had nearly reached the rise of those mountains, called the East-moor, which bounded that part of the dale, when the pastor led the way across a small wooden turning bridge, which formed a passage over a deep ditch, filled with running water. The Colonel assisted his wife to follow, and Armstrong brought up the rear; and when they were all passed, Mr. White drew the bridge

round to the inner side. Crossing a paddock or meadow, which was entirely surrounded by the brook, they arrived at a small but comfortable looking farm-house, at the door of which the pastor, without ceremony, rapped. For some time the inhabitants gave no signs of recognition; but, at length, one of the windows was suddenly opened, and a man, with a carbine in his hand, told them fiercely to begone, or he would fire upon them.

"Put up thy carbine, Robert Ford," said the Preacher! "it is thy kinsman, Abel White, who standeth before thee."

"Abel White!" exclaimed Ford, in surprise; and then, to some one within the house, "Up, Bessy, up — Here's the dead come to life. Up; here's Abel White, or his ghost, as sure as I'm a living sinner."

They did not long detain their kinsman and his friends at the door, but came down with all dispatch. The dalesman was not only amazed to see his relative,

whom he had long ago given up to the worms of the earth; but much more so to behold the three other personages who followed him into the house. Ford's wife, shortly after, appeared with the light; but no sooner had she glanced upon the features of the Colonel, than she cried out, "Colonel Sydenham, by a' that's gracious!"

"Ha! good woman!" replied Sydenham, "how know ye me?"

"Han ye forgotten Betsy Norman that was?" returned Mrs. Ford.

"But Betsy Ford that is now," put in her husband, "my true and lawful wife."

"Indeed!" answered Sydenham. "I should not have remember'd ye; but your voice recalls you to my recollection.. But were you not, Betsy, the minion of my Serjeant, Picard?"

"Ah! rest his soul," said Betsy, sighing; "I heard of his death wi' a world of tears."

"His death!" replied Sydenham. "How long ago?"

"How long is't, Robert?" said his wife. "We han bin married eight years come Martinmas, and he died the year afore. Ye know I wad na ha' you till a year after the poor fellow's death."

At this detail, Sydenham and Armstrong could not refrain from laughter, and the Scot cried out —

"By my saul, Picard's ae queer birkie gin he died nine years back, for I saw him wi' my ain een this day three months, alive an' weel."

"Alive!" cried Betsy, starting back in affright. "Alive! and han ye, Robert Ford, brought a lie o' yer own soul, and deceived me?"

"Not I," answered her husband; "I had very good authority for the words I spoke. Lieutenant Sidebotham, who was then hiding from the Parliament sodgers, tow'd me every word."

"Grieve not, Betsey," said Sydenham to Mrs. Ford, who seemed really affected.

"If you have now a good husband, you have little to regret: Picard has already had a dozen new mistresses; and so fickle is his nature, that most likely he will have a dozen more."

This was touching the right cord, and Mrs. Ford became instantly as composed as if she had never heard the name of Picard. Sydenham then explained his situation to the good man, who readily undertook to provide for his safety with the uttermost of his endeavours.

"For although," said Ford, "I was once among the foremost who spoiled your father's house, yet have I long repented me o' that evil course, and will now willingly make up ten-fold for my former backsliding."

"I will answer for him," said the Pastor; "he is the prodigal son, who hath once gone astray, but is now reclaimed. He will venture as far as any man to do you service."

"I heartily forgive and forget old grievances," replied the Colonel; "and

accept, as warmly as it is offered, his future good-will; and although, friends, the malice and tyranny of our foes force me now to seek a shelter, depend on't I shall find a time to reward your services."

"We seek none, Sir," said the Dalesman; "I have done ye foul wrong, and the labour o' my whole life for your safety and advantage can never blot out the stain. It is true I was seduced, and so were many more, God help the while; but I shall ever count innocent blood to lie upon our heads."

"Robert! you are wrong," said the Pastor, "let blood lie at the door of them who caused it to flow; ye were but instruments in the hand of a traitor."

By this time, Mrs. Ford had roused a servant, and a cheerful fire was kindled on the hearth: Lady Sydenham was placed by the good woman, in her own chimney-chair, after having taken off her riding-dress, and a table was spread with

refreshments. The Colonel, Armstrong, and the Pastor, did justice to Ford's hospitality; but Lady Sydenham, who was much fatigued with the toils of this busy day, ate little, and very shortly retired, with Mrs. Ford, to rest; it being arranged that she should occupy part of the house-wife's bed. After some time spent in consultation (wherein it was resolved that Ford should proceed, at an early hour, to the Castle Town, as well to gather information, as to inform the steward of his young master's present abode,) Sydenham and the Borderer were shewn to a pretty good room, containing a bed, with a raised tester, and furniture somewhat superior to the rest of the house, this being the best chamber, and entirely set apart for the accommodation of the owner's friends. The Cavaliers threw themselves on the bed without undressing, and were soon enwrapt in the "innocent sleep."

We shall return to the Pastor and Ford,

who drew their seats closer to the fire, and earnestly discussed the means of furthering the safety of the Cavaliers.

"To Colonel Sydenham," said Mr. White, "I owe my present liberty, and, perhaps, my life. Have I then occasion to be grateful? Yea, and dutiful withal, as the vassal of his house? In this time of trouble, all political discussion should cease; it should fall, before our love for the family of Lord Falconridge, (which hath ever been most gracious and munificent to us,) like a snow-drift before the sun of heaven. But are they safe here, Robert Ford?"

"At present they are," answered his kinsman; "but we must know the designs of the enemy, that they may continue so. — With morning light, I'll away to the Castle Town, and speed enquiry. Me will they never suspect; and ye shall have early tidings, if my brown colt carry me as he is used."

"It would be well," said the Pastor, "if ye could find out some friend who

would keep a watch day and night upon the motions of the sectaries. Mark Green will not answer the purpose; he is already suspected."

"I will think of it as I ride," answered Ford. "May be Providence will throw some friend i' my way, that can serve our turn; if not, I'll seek one."

They then talked upon family events, and the political occurrences which had taken place since they last met; and lastly, upon the means by which the Colonel had effected his escape from Chester.

Upon the Pastor making mention of Windyman, Ford rose from his seat, and betrayed the most violent emotion.

"Windyman!" he exclaimed aloud — "Windyman! it was that hound o'hell which first yelped the cry after the blood o' Major Spandyke. It was that chosen o' the arch fiend, preaching damnation to our souls, who assisted the traitor Snell to poison our hearts against the state, and seduce us from honesty and loyalty; but little

did we reckon upon murther; little did we think that the chain o' their treason was to be link'd wi' such a bloody hoop as homicide. I was not present at the spectacle o' his death; but they brought his body into the hall, and with infernal shouts, threw it through the window o'er the Peak Cliff. The poor crazy wretch, Doll Jordan, sang o'er the dead; but she repents it to this hour."

"And what man, present at that horrid butchery," cried the Pastor, "does not repent it? There is but one affecteth indifference; and a continuance of bloody scenes hath made him as callous as the lime-stone rock. Misfortune hath not as yet given him a warning unto repentance; yet, believe me, Robert, that man, that bloody Snell, who prideth himself in his vain-glory and hardness of heart, dare never probe his conscience upon that wound; but feeleth, in all his arrogance, the rankling venom of that cursed murther."

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood," cried

Ford, "by man shall his blood be shed. — So hath it happened deservedly to the preacher Windyman; so, trust I, it will happen, soon or late, to the traitor Snell."

"First hope for his repentance," replied the Pastor: "may he not be cut off in the blossom of his sin, with all his crimes still pressing on his head — God forbid! It were foul sin to wish it. — No; may he, as I trust did Windyman, truly repent of the horrid deed; may he seek, by some atonement, to obtain forgiveness for his past wickedness; and may he die, calling upon Jesus Christ, who is powerful to save."

"How many souls has his pride destroyed!" said the farmer; "for who will now deny, that it was his pride which did spur him on. He had long loathed the life of a shepherd, and the breaking forth o' this unnatral war, lent him hopes which before he dare na whisper to himsel. We were, indeed, his instruments; Windyman was his instrument; fire and air, as they consumed

the castle o' Banner Cross, were his instruments; all things contributed to his rise, and we now see the low-born vassal lording it o'er his sovereign, and the land o' his birth."

"Heaven is all wise," said the Pastor; "it setteth up, and can pull down — it debaseth, and it can exalt. Who can compass the globe with his arms, or the conceptions of the Almighty with the weak power of mortal understanding? Fear, and await the judgment of the Lord. All things are not as they seem; but they are, be assured, as they should be."

Ford now showed the Pastor his apartment; but, instead of going to bed himself, he prepared to set out at day-break, which was near at hand, for the Castle Town. He clothed himself in his market-dress, and saddled his horse; and by the time he was ready to mount, grey-eyed morn began to peep. Having made all the doors fast, he led his nag across the paddock, and replacing the wooden bridge

in its proper station, he sprang upon his courser, and rode off at a pace excelling that of the canon who choused Gil Blas with the scapularies. The mists were drawing up to the mountain tops, as the dalesman rode along, giving to each point and pinnacle of rock a fleecy periwig. As he drew near to the Castle Town, he could have fancied the ruins of Banner Cross were again on fire, for the haze which rolled round the broken turrets, had the exact appearance of that white smoke preceding the appearance of flame.

He turned his steed's head to the town, and rode up to the inn where he usually staid on market-days. He was leading his horse to the stable, when a trooper, who stood at the gate, asked him, roughly, where he was going?

Ford returned no answer, but attempted to open the stable-door, when the soldier, seizing his horse by the bridle, fiercely ran him back several yards, and cried out, "Stand back,

there's no room for such clowns as you : take your horse to hell, if you know the road."

"You will, perhaps, be kind enough to show it me," replied the dalesman, calmly.

A subaltern came up, and civilly told the farmer that the stables were full, and he must seek some other accommodation. Ford thanked him for his courtesy, and was walking away, when the serjeant cried :

"If I mistake ye not, your name is Ford, and you live up the dale."

The dalesman turned again, and looking at the soldier, replied, "Yea, my name is Ford, and I do live up the dale ; but who are you, since you know me so well?"

"You forget Tim Stodard o' the brook," said the man ; "old John Stodard the miller's son. I was in the Colonel's troop, when we were volunteers together, in the beginning of the war,

and used to practice drill o' nights in the Tor Dale."

"Then ye were at the firing o' the castle," said Ford: "that was a hot night's work."

"I have been in few hotter," answered the serjeant, "though I have seen the service of the whole war. But what made you draw out? You married, I guess?"

"Yea;" answered the dalesman, glad that Stodard had divined a sufficient reason. "It 'll not do for a sodger to have wife and childer — and my father, on his dying bed, charged me to continue the farm."

"Your father was right, Robert," said Stodard; "and so was mine, for he would have had me, like himself, an honest thriving miller; but a fate was on me; I must be a trooper, and a trooper I am. Few have done like the Colonel, though all of us hoped we might. He has gained a command and a name; I have a com-

mand too, such as it is, but my name is not heard beyond the regiment."

"What brings so many of ye here?" said Ford, intending to sound the trooper. "We have no stir here away."

"Have ye not heard," answered the subaltern, "that Colonel Sydenham, son of Lord Falconridge, escaped from Chester with our old pastor, Abel White? And when we were thinking he was under bar and bolt, he passed the drawbridge at Wibberley with his cavaliers, in a fog, and fell upon us at Marple like a thunderbolt. About seventy of our squadron fell under their bloody hands; but I and a few others 'scap'd for that time, by jumping into the river Mersey, and swimming to the far bank."

"Well! I heard something o' this afore," said the farmer; "but Sydenham has na marched wi' his cavaliers this way I trow, for I hanna heard o' them."

"I'll tell ye," pursued the serjeant,

"he had no sooner made this squash in our troop, than he drew off towards the hills, and Colonel Snell gathered us up. We mustered ten rank and file, fit for action. We were cursing our stars that we had not force sufficient to follow the foe, when fortune took a turn, and sent Lord Caryfort, one of the late Protector's council, attended by ten troops of horse, to Marple. With him the Colonel had a short conference, and they again mounted, and followed the enemy, with rowel in flank."

"Well, did ye o'ertake 'em?" said the dalesman.

"We took a lieutenant, Harry Sidebotham o' the dingle, and about thirty troopers, 'boozing at Shortmalt's, of Chapel," answered Stodard. "They got time to mount as we came up, and fought us hand to hand for a minute or two, as if they had the devil in their fingers; but our men beginning to surround the swash bucklers, they fairly turn'd tail, and broke away o'er Paisley

Moss, where our horse, not knowing the ground, fear'd to follow them."

"Ay, ay; I heard o' this," said Ford; "but I did na hear that Colonel Sydenham were among 'em."

"No more he was," answered the serjeant; "and unless Colonel Snell (who fixed his quarters at Chapel) has scented him out, he's cross'd game; and ten to one he'll get off to the sea-coast, and ship again for France. But the Colonel will be here to-day, and we shall hear the yea or the nay."

"What! and is the Lord what d'ye ca' him," said Ford, "at Chapel with your Colonel?"

"Ay, they're at Shortmalt's," replied the subaltern.

"Beleddy," said the dalesman, as if greatly surprised; "Jonathan Snell's come to some honour at last, to have Lords waiting at his beck and ca'."

"Pooh, man," replied the serjeant, "there's not a lord in the land who would dare to say nay, when Snell says yea:

there's not a man in the three kingdoms who would dare to mount his feather higher than the Colonel's. The command of three or four regiments of veterans is better at this day than house or land, name or title, fortune or favour."

"I'll see ye again, Stodard," said Ford; "I have some farming business to do wi' a few folk here; but it'll na take me but a few hours, and an ye're na engaged, I'll have a bowl o' liquor wi' ye at yer quarters."

"The sooner ye are here the better," replied Stodard. "The Colonel, when he comes, will find us exercise o' some sort; so hasten your business, make a long tale short, and lose a few crowns for old acquaintance sake."

"Fear me not; the day is yet early," said the farmer; "ye shall see me before the sun has quartered his course."

He nodded to the serjeant, and leading his horse by the bridle, walked away.

## CHAP. XII.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

*2d Part of Hen. VI.*

WHILST Serjeant Stodard was yet standing at the gate, Colonel Snell and my Lord Caryfort, attended by an escort of twenty troopers, paced gently up to the inn. The appearance of the Scottish peer was every way hypocritically formal. Fleetwood himself did not cut a figure more properly puritanical. His horse, (it is just to describe the nobler animal first,) a sober dun gelding, of more power than spirit, was close cropped both in mane and tail; and his harness (for "his steed it was barbed from counter to tail") was unadorned even by a brass rivet.

The armour of the peer was as plain

as that of his horse; and except that the steel of his morion had a higher polish, it was a fac simile of those worn by the common troopers. Such was the affectation of Simon Murray, a nobleman highly descended; whilst his companion, Snell, rode in all the state which his high station might pretend to.

He was mounted on an Hungarian charger, barbed and trapped with great magnificence, whilst his own arms were richly studded with bosses of gold, and adorned with flourishes and chasings of double gilt on the back and breast of his cuirass, and the scolloped edges of cuishes. His "helmet barred" was surrounded by a triple plume of ostrich down; and the order of knighthood, which the Protector had conferred upon him (though he was more commonly known by his military titles), authorized him to attach to his buff boots the gilt spurs of that dignity. — Altogether, few knights have made a figure more superb and imposing; for although Jonathan

Snell was born a boor, and continued an illiterate man, yet his face bore no marks of clownishness; on the contrary, the habit of command had given him a look of authority; and his features, dark and sunburnt, but highly expressive of intrepidity and acuteness, were such as few men would behold without appreciating his daring character, and none with any feelings of contempt for his want or neglect of *politesse.* He was "*l'image des vieux guerriers,*" before it was found necessary for military men to be acquainted with ought but sword and lance.— The northern minstrel pourtrays him exactly:

> "His thick moustache and curly hair,
> Coal black, and grizzled here and there,
> But more through toil than age;
> His square turned joints and strength of limb,
> Shew'd him no carpet knight so trim;
> But in close fight a champion grim,
> In camps a leader sage.*

As he alighted from his horse, he

* Edit. int. L. G.

called out to the subaltern.—"Hollo, Stodard, what news of the Cavaliers? Have not some of you dalesmen been able to rouse them out of their covers?"

"Not a fox, your honour," replied the serjeant; "they lie as close as a thrice run rayner, and 'scape the wind."

"Ye will not let it escape your memories," said the peer, "that two thousand marks will be paid for Colonel Sydenham, dead or alive; and I will myself give a handsome gratuity to the first man who shall lay his hand upon that desperate traitor."

Caryfort and the Colonel withdrew into the inn, and the soldiers led their horses to the stables, where they found room, notwithstanding the assertion of Serjeant Stodard to the dalesman Ford, that they were fully occupied.

Snell ordered refreshments to be served, having, as he said, ridden from Chapel-en-le-Frith, without breaking his fast.—"And neither yourself, my Lord, nor

I, are of that kind of men who can live upon air."

"No verily," answered the peer, solemnly, for his hypocrisy was now habitual; "weak flesh hath need of temporal support; it is not until we shall have cast off this vestment of clay, that we become purely spiritual, and independent on earthly comforts."

Snell stood and eyed him with contempt. "How long, my Lord Caryfort," said he, "do you intend preserving this masquerade? The farce, Sir, is over; and Oliver no longer lives to reward those with his favour, who would join in his whining, his praying, and his hypocrisy. We must confess, among ourselves, that the great soldier was debased by this fulsome, this ridiculous policy; but policy it was, and it served the turn; why you should preserve it, when you have nought to gain by the profession but scorn and contempt, bewilders me; for I thought once that ye were a bold

cunning man, restrained by no rules but those of convenience, and that when the play was done, ye would doff your dress as other players do."

"I am no player," replied his companion; "I am a peer of Scotland."

"A peer of Scotland!" cried the Colonel, turning up his lip: "why, Sir, Argyle himself was a gentleman off the stage, that is, when he was out of the company of the godly; but here are you canting like a pulpit orator, for no end on earth but your own abasement."

"The blood of Moray is immaculate," said Caryfort, "as the fountain of Diana; it can suffer no abasement; but if it could, patience becometh a saint, and—"

"Your saintship will become a laughing stock to the whole regiment," cried Snell, interrupting him.

"He who dare laugh at me," cried Murray, enraged, "were it yourself, Colonel Snell, had best find fitter pastime. But Heaven pardon me! it becometh not a Christian to be warm in choler."

Snell laughed aloud, and cried, "What the devil do you care for Christianity? I tell ye, Caryfort, the day's gone by, the masquerade is over; doff that villanous vizard, and let's see ye walk and talk as a plain man, and a soldier. Instead of handling subjects, handle a sword, and when ye should cry, 'Yea verily,' cry, 'By St. George.'"

"By St. George then, Sir," said the Peer, fiercely gathering his brow, "if I must needs alter my conduct, it will not be to Colonel Snell that Simon Murray will apply for a pattern; set one to your troopers, and not to a nobleman; teach your ungainly mountaineers to strut, not one who hath walked a minuet with queens. You talk of a sword, as if this hand had never grasped one; but know ye, Sir Colonel, there lives but one man whose skill at the rapier can match mine own."

"Bravo, my Lord, and he —" cried Snell.

"And he is your paramount's son,"

continued the Peer, "the traitor Sydenham; God speed his ruin!"

"Amen," cried Snell: "then ye have crossed your weapons, and the worst was yours. Is this your reason for adding to the reward upon his head?"

"No," answered the Peer; "we were interrupted in our duel; and I would fain have a decision, could it be had; but that's impossible.—Mrs. Bradshaw is lately dead in Scotland."

"God rest her soul," said the Colonel.

"I have seen the President," pursued Caryfort, "and he is willing I shall espouse his niece; there is but one obstacle, and that is Sydenham: he loves her, and is beloved. I learnt this cursed truth whilst her father yet lived, and it was then the Cavalier and I would have decided our title to her hand with the point of the sword; we were interrupted by herself, and subsequent circumstances drew me from Scotland."

"Now I can span ye from side to side," said Snell. "You have caught the

President by a preservation of your hypocrisy, and you would purchase your good fortune at the price of Sydenham's sacrifice."

"He is an enemy," cried Caryfort, "both to myself, personally, and to the state. How then is his death a sacrifice?"

"It will be a foul murder," replied the Colonel, sternly and bitterly; "but I dare not blame ye."

He took Caryfort by the arm, and led him to the window of the apartment, where they stood, and whence the ruins of Banner Cross could be seen; and, pointing to them, said —

"Look at that ruin; it was my hand that made it: from yonder window, which overlooks the crag, a brave and worthy officer, at my order, was dashed down the ravine. It was that bloody and atrocious act which raised me to what I am; you mount to fortune by the same ladder. I may advise, but I cannot blame ye."

He walked from the window back to

the chimney-seat, and drew off his helmet; his features had lost their usual tone of animation, and were now dark and overcast as the heavens preceding a thunder-storm. He muttered to himself, "They say that love is the most powerful of passions; but if its effects are more dreadful than those of ambition, God help the wight that labours under the yoke. Better had I fallen under Jellott's sword, or as Jellott did, than be what I am, and as I am." (He paused, and looked upon himself with a smile of mingled contempt and grief.) "I have not a friend on earth; those of my youth, nay, those who entered this career of guilt as my companions, have either fled away, or are foes to my greatness; whilst Sydenham, whom I have pursued with fire and sword, has won the very hearts of his enemies; and those who leagued with me for his destruction, do now stand foremost as his friends and safeguard. A curse light upon the ambition which hath ruined me! but it is too late to retreat, and there is

still a reckoning to come. Sydenham, look to yourself; you have twice disgraced me, and the stain still blushes on my cheek."

Caryfort watched, in silence, the workings of his companion's soul, and soon imagined he might turn them to his advantage.

" I see, Colonel," said he, " you also have been wronged by the false Cavalier. I am willing to join in your revenge, heart and hand."

The Colonel laughed in scorn, and replied, " Ay, I believe, Caryfort, your wrongs and mine have the same foundation; we were both the aggressors; but it will not do to remember that. — Sydenham hath foiled us both; and we are two such resolute, such desperate villains, that no man shall dare to cross our designs, and live."

" You mistake me, Sir," said the Peer, drawing himself up.

" Devil a whit," cried Snell; " I know

ye to the heart's core, and black it is."

"Think ye I will put up with this mockery?" exclaimed Caryfort, enraged at the Colonel's plain dealing.

"Ay, ye shall put it up," cried Snell, "and ten times as much. What, man, do ye think to frighten me with your skill at the rapier? I wear a broad sword; and if ye move another muscle in anger, I'll cleave ye to the spine, to keep my hand in practice."

Though this speech had little effect upon the courage of Caryfort, who was not a man to be frightened with words; yet he perceived Snell was too greatly agitated to be played with; and knowing he should gain little advantage, even by a successful rencontre, he resolved to await a return of the Colonel's placability.

Happily, at this moment breakfast was brought in, and they sat down to it, and ate in silence. By degrees, the gloom wore off the brow of Snell, "and as he

drained his draughts of Rhenish down," he recovered in a great measure his usual calm and careless temper. Caryfort at length ventured to address him.

"I had opined, Colonel Snell, from some words which your inadvertency might let fall, that some grievous wrong had been done ye by Colonel Sydenham. I wish not to enquire into that fact, but —"

"Say no more," said Snell; "you wish him dead — so do I. He must and shall perish; though burning hell will surely catch us for the deed."

"I wish to explain," said the Peer, "that —"

"There needs no explanation," answered his companion, "all is as plain as that the sun is now shining on the shingle of yon rock — we seek not his death from a sense of public duty, but out of personal malice."

"Not so," said Murray; "he is a traitor to the state, and deserveth death at the hands of the country."

"Ay, but the time is gone by when he should meet it," replied Snell: "were he now a prisoner, and put to the bar of the country, tell me, my Lord, is there a jury that would convict him?"

"I fear me, no," answered Caryfort.

"Well then, who is there now," pursued the Colonel, "to institute a high court of justice, and try him by commission? If you were to instigate so arbitrary a plan, what think you would old Honesty, the president, say?"

"Think no more of it, I pray ye," returned the Peer; "my ruin were then certain."

"I might try him by a court-martial," said Snell; "but I'll confess to ye, I dare not trust the men ye have brought with ye; we must make sure of him by a straight way, though it be a bloody — I think, Caryfort, both you and I have waded too deeply in blood to start aside at one murder more."

"It beareth not the name," replied the Peer; "his life is forfeit, and we shall do

our duty in destroying him; what if his death tally with your revenge and my interest; are we therefore, of necessity, murtherers, because we enforce the penalty of the law? It is gross folly to form a supposition so monstrous."

"Let it pass — it matters not," said Snell; "we agree on the point, and words are nothing."

They continued their meal in silence for a considerable space, each revolving his own plan, and chewing the cud of their late communication. Snell at length raised his head, and said —

"Know ye if Sydenham hath any minion in this country?"

"No; for what reason?" replied the Peer.

"As he swept through Marple," pursued the Colonel, "I observed a woman ride between him and that border thief, Armstrong. Hold! hold! surely the fiend hath marred my recollection — it was the same female, I'll be sworn, though I saw not her face, that met Sy-

denham at Marple on the evening of his capture."

"Sydenham at Marple!" cried the Peer.

"What a blind dolt am I become!" exclaimed Snell. "It is now evident they had preconcerted the meeting, though not at Marple: and if I am not blinder than I was before, this girl, my Lord Caryfort, is your hoped-for spouse."

"Miss Bradshaw!" exclaimed Murray, thunderstruck.

"Miss Bradshaw," replied Snell, laughing.

"How know ye that?" cried Caryfort. "Why judge ye so? What proofs have ye?"

"She came on horseback to my quarters," answered the Colonel, "attended by Armstrong, at the dead of night, in a storm which rendered farther travel then impossible. I knew her not, nor yet her squire; but his hot blood soon made me acquainted with him; and, for a robbery which he committed in my abode at Holy-

rood, I would have executed him by martial law."

"Would ye had," cried Murray.

"My men were in the act of seizing the ruffian, when the girl put into my hand a passport from Monk, the Regent of Scotland. This barred my purpose, and they escaped."

"Where went they?" said Caryfort.

"Direct to Wibberley," returned Snell, "where, doubtless, they lay until Sydenham joined them, after his escape from Chester. You know what followed, and may judge if I am right in my conjecture. Nay, more than this, I once saw Miss Bradshaw in Edinburgh: true, it was but a glance, but her handsome face made some impression even on me. On again beholding her at Marple, I knew the features, though where I had seen them had fled my memory. I am now clear they were the same, and your hopes, my Lord, are ruined.

"You know me little if you fancy so," replied Murray; "my hopes are as san-

guine and as forward as before, and my deeds, may we light upon the traitor, shall be as sudden and effectual. Oh! for a hot curse upon him! If he travel the mountains, may they gape beneath his feet, and swallow him in the abyss! if he hide in the vallies, may the hills fall upon him, and crush him into millions of atoms! I'll hunt him through the world, and stab him to the heart, even in the presence of his master."

Snell now left the room, in order to give directions to the officers under his command. He dispatched parties in several directions, with a charge to bring in all stragglers, both men and women; and assigned a guide to each party, of some native of the country belonging to his own regiment, for the purpose of rendering their search more sure and strict. In the mean-time, Ford, who had visited the steward, and informed him of his master's present residence, was made the bearer of a large sum of money from the seneschal to Sydenham.

Afraid of drawing suspicion upon himself, by conferring long with Green, he soon quitted him, and after he had in reality finished some business, relative to his farm, with persons in the town, he returned to the inn, and found Stodard waiting for him. They sat down in the common hall, and called for a bowl of brandy punch, over which they enjoyed themselves; but although, in the hilarity of good fellowship, the serjeant disclosed all he knew, the dalesman found little more information was to be gleaned from him, than he had before communicated; except that Snell was still ignorant of Sydenham's hiding-place. Their mirth was interrupted by the trumpet blowing to saddle.

"I told ye," cried Stodard, "when Snell came he'd find us work somewhere: yon trumpet's for saddle and march."

Ford rose, discharged the reckoning with mine host, and left the inn. He proceeded to the place where he had deposited his nag, and, mounting, departed

from the Castle Town. It was about mid-day as he passed beneath the mother rock, and crossed the Lone End, where stood Doll Jordan's cottage. The woman was sitting before her door, basking in the sun, (which for the time of year was unusually warm and powerful,) the picture of squalid poverty and idleness. The years which had flown over her head had added to her wrinkles and her ugliness, without increasing her bodily infirmities; for she was still active when the fit was upon her, and she retained her faculties of sight and hearing in a way much to be envied by many an old lady approaching to seventy. Her dress was still the same; it might be the identical stuff she had worn before the battle of Marston; and her grey hairs, which grew in her decline, hung round her head like the matted mane of an old lion. As Ford was passing, she held up her arm, and cried aloud,

"Hollo, Robert Ford! turn awhile, and gi' us the news. Turn, ye man o' haste, for good, and na' for evil."

Ford turned his horse up the lane, and stopped before her, "What want ye, Goody?" said he.

"What wanted ye sa early this mornin," answered the sybil, "that ye rode at preack o'day for the Castle Town? It's no often ye stir wi' the lark, Robin."

"It's na early," replied the dalesman, "when day breaks now; and a man may surely be stirring at five o'clock, goody."

"And so may ye, if ye ha' need," answered Doll; "but yer wife's not in labour, nor your kine a yeaning, mon; ye might ha' lain still a-bed for either. But what news; is Charles Sydenham taken?"

"No," replied Ford, "he is not."

"He never will, an my word goes for aught," cried the woman; "but I know, Robert, ye're o' the other lay, and wad be glad to see his head set on the swart turrets o' his father's brunt castle yonder."

"Ye wrong me, Goody," replied the farmer; "I should be as loath as ye, or any sinner living, to see aught but good

come to the heir o' Falconridge. For yon deed, I can never enow repent o' my share i' the work; and, I trow, so do ye o' yours."

"It's na to say whether I do or no," answered the witch, "for the deed's done and canna be reca'd; but if it could, ye may sware I wad rather take a leap into Eldon Hole, than put my hand to a work so black and bloody."

"What deserve they," cried the dalesman, "who seduced us into their infernal schemes?"

"What do they deserve?" echoed the woman. "Why, Robin, the reward they are sure to ha' meted to 'em; the fire o' hell upon their cursed souls.—What better can they hope for? Did they na cast the die? and they maun stand the hazard."

"If ye would be true," said Ford, cautiously, "I would let ye into a secret ye would be glad to hear, and ye might be of service to the boot."

"Speak out, mon," cried his compa-

nion. "Hanna I bin true in evil, and canna I be true in good? Hanna I bin iron for a bad cause? and I can be steel for a good one. Say yer say wi'out fear o' treachery. — I pledge ye my soul."

The dalesman dismounted from his horse, and they went into the cottage. He shut the door close, and, in a low voice, informed her that Colonel Sydenham and his wife, with Lieutenant Armstrong, were then concealed at his house, and that he had been at the town to learn the disposition of the enemy.

"We are so far safe," he continued; "but we need a fast friend to watch the courses o' the foe, and it must be one they would not suspect. Now ye, Goody —"

"I'll do't," cried the grey woman; "say no more. — Trust to me, and I'll watch 'em like a tiger cat. For Charles Sydenham's sake, who hath been my friend afore now, you may depend on me."

" Ye shall be no loser," replied Ford, drawing some gold pieces from his pocket. " Here are five golden Jacobuses, and they shall be but a foretaste o' yer reward, an ye prove a diligent sentry. I must begone, and so must ye; an ye hear aught, post to the farm wi' your news."

" Fear not me," answered the sybil, " I will not fail, on my life. Spee[illegible]

He mounted his horse, and ro[illegible] leaving the grey woman watch[illegible] de-parture at her cottage-door.

## CHAP. XIII.

What! shall they thus depart, we unrevenged?
Shall they who slew our fathers and our children,
And gave our dwellings to the sack of war, —
The enemies of God, as well as man,
Beside disloyal to their lieged Sovereign, —
Shall they depart unscathed and in peace?
Forbid it honour! and forbid it shame!

*Old Contention of York and Lancaster.*

The grey woman watched the dalesman until he left the hilly tract, and turned his horse towards the eastern part of the Hopedale. When he was out of sight, she began to reflect on the part she had undertaken; and as all women and men of an indecisive character usually do, to conjure up those difficulties and dangers which set themselves in array against her design. Her native intrepidity, however, soon overcame all obstacles of this nature; but she quickly stumbled upon another more difficult to silence.

"For Charles Sydenham," thought she, "I wad quit life, and make no word on't; but for that fause malignant, that bloody ruffian, Armstrong, shall I waive my revenge, and serve him good for evil? Away, an I do, may I meet wi' sitch mockery every day i' the week. Could I save the Colonel, he should live, an it were by the doom o' my own life; but they maun perish together as they herd together, the innocent wi' the guilty— there's no point to choose."

She thus destined Sydenham and his companions to destruction; and her determination, though she would have fain concealed it from herself, was greatly confirmed by the hope of the promised reward on their apprehension. To excuse Ford from the charge of folly, which our readers might incline to impute to him, for revealing to this woman the place of Sydenham's concealment, we must here state, that since the star of Snell's party had attained the ascendant in the political firmanent, and her services were

therefore no longer regarded by the Colonel, she had evinced a disposition as hostile to that faction as she had before been amicable to it; and, deploring her former connexions, had been an active abettor of the designs and outbreaks of the Cavaliers. In the late rising, headed by Sidebotham, she had gone from house to house among the vassals and tenantry of the barony, endeavouring by her prognostications to animate them; and to her eloquence and perseverance Sidebotham was indebted for many of his most steady and courageous friends. Of this change in her creed Ford was not ignorant, as, among others, the witch had called upon him; but he excused himself on account of his family. She had, in fact, committed herself too deeply with the Roundheads to be doubted by the Cavaliers as their staunch friend; and Ford, in making this momentous communication to the grey woman, only acted as any other man of the peak would have done in his situation. She had, moreover, the re-

putation of a staunch accessary in good and evil, and was never known to have broken her word for fear or favour;—qualities, which, upon the country people, made a great impression.

She was still at the door of the cottage, deeply engaged in her calculations, when a troop of horse made its appearance at the northern part of the dale; they approached the Lone End at a rapid trot, and were soon beside the witch's residence. The subaltern, Stodard, who commanded the troop, drew his rein, and cried out, "Hollo, mother, are ye not yet gone to hell? I had long ago thought ye were in the devil's frying-pan.—Come along, the Colonel will be right glad to see ye."

"And I shall be as right glad to see the Colonel," replied the woman, "ye saucy son of a horse-block."

"Horse-block, ye bitch-fox," returned the serjeant; "I see old age has not taught ye grace."

"Nor has bein' a sodger," said Doll

Jordan, "taught ye manners; and so there's a pair on us. Howd yer course, and I'll follow ye when I've click'd the door."

"No, no, may the devil fetch me," cried Stodard, "as he's sure to do you, if I slip ye, my old queen: I'm up to trap before to-day."

"Away, ye unbelieving Turk," said the witch; "a foul fa' betide ye for yer doubt."

The serjeant snapped his fingers, and replied, "I care not that, ye foolish woman, for all yer witchcraft and devilment to boot; ye must have old Sootie in proper person to your help, before ye dare lay hand on a trooper. March, ye vagrant, or I'll send the o'erseer to ye with his whip."

The grey woman closed her door with a scornful air, and wrapping her ragged cloak around her, led the way down the lane towards the Castle Town, followed by the troopers. With her usual perversity, instead of walking at a rate

befitting her age and apparent feebleness, she advanced at a rapid pace, between a walk and a run, far outstripping the soldiers, who on that ground, which was a steep declivity, were obliged to give leisure to their horses. Stodard called to her again and again, without obtaining any satisfaction; she either heard him not, or utterly disregarded his orders. He, at last, grew enraged, and drawing a pistol from his holster, fired it over her head; the report made her halt, and turn round.

"What are ye wanting, ye felon's child?" cried she; "dinna I walk fast enow for ye? wad ye ha' an old woman o' seventy run like a young wench?"

"Ye do run like a young wench, ye limb of Satan," returned Stodard; "and if it please ye, there's no occasion ye should be so nimble. — Halt there, and walk at my stirrup."

"Walk at yer stirrup," cried the witch, "like a running footman! a heavy curse light o' me an I do."

"Fall in, ye vile harridan," cried the serjeant, "or I'll buckle ye to my horses' head, where the devil himself dare not come to rescue ye."

With a bitter grin, the grey woman took her station by the side of the subaltern's horse, and in this order they continued their march in silence.

The witch again resumed her reflections, and again was the struggle between her interest and her revenge on one side, with her better feelings on the other, warmly contended. It might have been expected, had the large reward for the apprehension of Colonel Sydenham and his companions been out of the way, that the termination of the contest would have been in favour of justice; but three thousand marks stood like a golden rampart, sustaining and protecting the arguments for her treachery: the gleam of so much gold dazzled and bewildered the woman's imagination; and it is not to be doubted, that, for half the sum, she would have sold her whole kindred, nay,

the whole nation to destruction. Under these circumstances, the "argumentum recti" had no sort of chance with the "argumentum iniquum," and of course justice was completely nonsuited.

Having arrived at the town, Stodard conducted his prisoner to the inn; but was informed by the sentinel, who kept guard at the door, that the Colonel and Lord Caryfort had returned to Chapel-en-le-Frith, in consequence of the arrival of an express. He then proceeded to an officer on guard, at whom he enquired what was to be done with their prisoners.

"What prisoners have ye?" said the officer.

"I have none but an old witch, called Doll Jordan," replied Stodard; "who lives on the waste, near Mam Tor. The Colonel knows her well."

"Turn her out," cried the officer; "what have we to do with old women? You had more patience than wit to bring her so far. Turn her to the right about, and rid the garrison of her company."

The subaltern communicated his superior's orders to the grey woman, and told her instantly to quit the town.

" If ye are found here five minutes from this," said Stodard, " ye'll get yer feet in the stocks ; so, Goody, hie ye at the rate ye walked down the dale, and flit."

" Flit !" cried she ; " what, wad ye turn an old woman, who hurried hither at yer bidding, clean out o' the town, wi'out asking her to bite or sup ? Ye'll nat think to behave so scaly."

" Ay, marry, but we shall," replied Stodard ; " are not ye fast friend to the grand devil ? and will he not, at yer call, bring ye a sup of wine ? Ay, ay, or bull's blood either ; and ye may drink it for me. Pass, Goody, pass, if ye love whole bones and clean flesh."

" A day is coming," said the woman, slowly, and measuring cadence with her shrivelled finger, " when the times shall bear another countenance ; a day is coming, when there isna a mon who

wears the livery ye wear shall dare show his head i' the open day; a day is coming, I tell ye, and it is na far off, when yer enemies shall triumph, and the humbled and beaten Cavalier shall wave his bloody sword o'er the heads o' his conquerors. Again shall royalty and prelacy march hand i' hand through the three kingdoms, and your party will wail and gnash your teeth to the winds for the care it will gi' to yer proud rulers. Hark! I hear again the verse I heard fourteen year back: —

"The time shall change when that one man's dead,
And the old Cavalier may then raise his head,
And shout to the North, where his leader shall roam,
It's time now for Charlie, our King, to come home."

"Peace, ye mad woman," cried the sergeant, looking cautiously round; "well for ye is it that no one but myself hears yer blating, or ye'd run risk of having a noose round yer throttle. Away while ye can, and sing, if ye will, on the mountain top. Pass yer way.

She smiled scornfully on the trooper,

and said, " Well, well; sin ye tender my safety, Tim Stodard, I'll home to my cabin; but ye may expect me o' the morrow, an I live, and am able to crawl so far. Fare ye well 'till morning; ye'll see me again sooner than ye'll hope for."

She quitted the town, and walked with her usual hasty pace toward the Mother Rock. The mellow tint of a fine October afternoon sun gave a rich and variegated appearance to those mountains which bore any verdure, and a red track of sky, which shot athwart the Valley of Hope, and settled over the ridge of the East Moor, deepened and softened the reflection. The grey woman surveyed the ruddy clouds with a disturbed but resolved eye. She muttered to herself, " Aye, aye; yon crimson sky betokens blood: it's not there for nothing. We hear no wind, and the weather's calm as if't had bin August 'stead o' October.— Ye maun die, Charles Sydenham, and by my hand, that wad lefer hang mysel': fate says it, and there's no remedy."

The agitation of her mind served to increase her speed, and she was actually running with considerable swiftness, when she was arrested by a voice, crying, "Hollo, Goody, whither away so fast?" She halted immediately, and turned to the speaker, who sat on a little rocky peak by the road side. It was Lieutenant Sidebotham, disguised as a miller, and the witch stared upon him some time, without recollecting his features.

"Ye forget me, Doll," said he; "where's your memory?"

"Ah! Harry Sidebotham!" she exclaimed at length, "how i'st wi' ye, lad? I minded ye had drawn yer last breath, for some folk tow'd me ye fell at Chapel."

"I'm full happy," answered the Cavalier, "to tell ye they lied. There was not one of us fell, for our horses were fresh, and the Round-heads were blown; so ye mind, when we found there was nothing to be had with fighting, we turned to the hills, and came off, if not

with flying colours, at least with the coward's consolation, whole skins."

"Ye did well for once," said Doll; "ye're not a'ways i' the humour for running. But ha' ye sin Colonel Sydenham?"

"No," replied the Lieutenant; "I was about to ask you the same question. I have good news for him."

"What news?" cried the witch.

"I have just come from Chapel," answered Sidebotham; "Orator Barebone arrived there this morning with an order from the parliament to Snell, commanding him to return to London with his forces. Another message to the same effect came from the council of officers, and he has already dispatched an express to Marple, with orders for the foot to put on towards the capital, intending himself to follow with the horse."

"But winna he return hither," said Doll, "before he leaves?"

"Ay, to-morrow morning," replied the

Lieutenant; "and on the next, as I heard, he quits with the troopers."

"Ye maun hie wi' these tidings to the Colonel," cried the witch after some reflection; "there's no time to lose."

"Ay, but where to find him," said Sidebotham; "unless your art of divination may help one at a pinch."

"It may; it can;" cried the witch; seek him at Robin Ford's; and if ye meet him not at the house, ye'll hear news o' him: away — speed ye, and say I'm o' the look-out."

She left him, and ascended the hill in the direction of her cottage; whilst Sidebotham, although he doubted the truth of her information, involuntarily took the road to the house of Ford. On arriving at the brook, which surrounded the house-paddock, he found the bridge drawn to the other side.

"Ha! say ye so, old Truepenny," cried he; "I believe you're right for this time; but how am I to get over?

Hollo, Robin Ford! hither man — Robin! Robin Ford!"

He kept up a most deafening clamour, until Mrs. Ford shewed herself at the door of the house, and she was presently joined by her husband. At sight of the dalesman, Sidebotham again exerted himself, and waved his hand, upon which Ford advanced to the bridge.

"What want ye, miller?" said he; "it's no time now to take grist, nor bring it."

"Miller the devil!" cried Sidebotham. "Know ye me not, Robin Ford? Bring your wife here, and she'll tell ye how much of Harry Sidebotham there is in this meal sack."

"Sidebotham! is it you?" said the farmer, turning the bridge; "we had reckon'd ye were fa'n at Chapel."

"Ay, ay, so the story goes," replied the Lieutenant; "but if I am dead, my ghost shall play a few tricks on the Round-heads before I go to rest. But where's the Colonel?"

"He's within the house wi' the Scot officer," said the dalesman, replacing the bridge as before: "follow me, and he'll answer ye himsel."

They proceeded to the house, and met Mrs. Ford at the door. Sidebotham held out his hand, and said, "Well, Bessy, how are your lasses and lads, and yourself, my bonny queen? I've not seen ye this year and more."

Mrs. Ford held up her hands, and cried, "Mercy on us, it's Lieutenant Sidebotham dressed like a miller, and yonder's Lieutenant Armstrong, like a serving man. I' fegs, ye makken a tidy pair ye two; come in, come in, there are more here than you know on."

"Devil a one, Bessy," answered the Cavalier; "unless ye've a fresh bantling that I have not seen."

"Away wi' yer folly," cried Mrs. Ford, laughing; "ye're the same man still, I see. Lady Sydenham is here as well as the Colonel and Mr. Armstrong; and I trow ye didna know that."

"No, by the mass," said Sidebotham: "and it won't do to show myself to her in this pickle, I believe. But I have somewhat to tell the Colonel: ye must let me see him apart, and Armstrong with him."

Mrs. Ford disappeared, and the farmer conducted Sidebotham into a back room, where he was soon joined by the other Cavaliers.

"Well, Sir," said Sydenham, a little dryly, "I should scarcely have thought, after your conduct yesterday, that you would have wished to appear before me."

"I should not have been here now," replied the Lieutenant, "but to redeem my error. You, Colonel, made me what I am; but you did not consider, when you raised me from the ranks, that though I had courage, I had little conduct. I was bred a wild fellow; and if the Devil catch me, I shall remain so."

"Aweel, aweel," said Armstrong, wishing to put an end to the unpleasant feeling; "ye said ye came hither to re-

deem yer error. What! hae ye ony news? Let's hae it, an' talk o' yer errors anither gate."

"Snell, with his troops," pursued Sidebotham, "is recalled by the Parliament and Council of Officers; he hath already dispatched an order to his Lieutenant, at Marple, to set forward to London; and will follow him with the horse on the day after to-morrow."

"Where heard ye this?" said Sydenham.

"Faith," replied the Lieutenant, laughing, "I heard it under his nose. I was at Chapel by day-break, and threatened Shortmalt with fire and sword if he betrayed me. In this disguise I occupied the chimney nook, and overheard all that passed. Barebone brought the message from Parliament, and a trooper the order from the Military Council."

"By the Holy Rood," cried Armstrong, shaking Sidebotham by the hand, "ye're the maist desperate chiel in Christendom; an' gin I may be believed, ye've weel

made up for yer trespass. But what say ye, Colonel; maun these crappit heads gang awa' scot-free, as they say of our chiels o' the border; or wad it no' be as weel to gie 'em a partin' blow."

"Ay, but where are our friends?" said Sydenham. "How many can you muster, Sidebotham, at a day's summons."

"As many as we shall need," answered Sidebotham; "good fellows, and hearty. Fifty at the least; and with that number I would undertake to cut both parties of the enemy out of their quarters."

"There's nae doubt of it," said Armstrong; "an' gin the Colonel wull pit his aiver wi' ours, we'll save 'em the trouble of marchin' southward, by findin' 'em a lodgin' on the Derby hills. Beside, ye ken, I've sworn, either that traitor Snell, or my ainsel', shall ne'er quit these hills alive; an' by my saul an' honour I will no break my aith."

"Ye both know me," replied the Colonel. "Have your men here, at any hour you shall fix upon, and I will lead them

against the foe. Bring none with ye but such as will fight or fall. Men, Sidebotham, of your own cast; and as many as ye can of our old Cavaliers. Those who have fought in company will stand well together."

"None else shall have the honour of your leading, Colonel," said Sidebotham. "And I know not one who would not be right well content to fall under your eye in the good old cause. It will take the best part of to-morrow to muster our friends: the hour of attack must be late at night."

"Ay, or betimes in the mornin'," answered Armstrong.

"I am for midnight," said Sydenham; "or at least to muster here by that hour. The ride will cost little time."

"At midnight, then, will we be here," returned the Lieutenant. "But where are your horses and arms?"

"By the mort," cried Armstrong, "that's ae douce query, an' ae proper; they're baith t'ane and t'ither of them at

Bradshaw Ha'; an' there's ae bonnie north country cornet there, wi' ae troop, keepin' the house warm."

"We must ride without," said Sydenham; "it will not be the first time."

"There is no need, yer Honour," replied Sidebotham. "We have arms enow, and I have credit sufficient to borrow a couple of horses for the night's work. There will be plenty astray in the morning, or I shall be heavily baulked. One thing more: I do not doubt the faith and fealty of the grey woman; but, to my mind, it is not seemly that a troop of gallant Cavaliers should place any dependance on the help or favour of a crack-brained gossip. Let her not know of our plan."

"What have we to do with her at all?" said the Colonel. "I trust she knoweth not of our hiding?"

"Ay, by Saint Paul, doth she," returned Sidebotham; "for she sent me hither when I was seeking your Honour high and low."

"Who hath betrayed us?" exclaimed Sydenham. "Surely our host would not be so negligent? And yet, than he, no stranger is acquainted with our secrecy. Was not that woman at the firing of Banner Cross?"

"She was," replied Sidebotham; "but since our enemies have been uppermost, she hath changed parties, and now clings to the weakest faction. In truth, she hath done good service, and is as dear a foe to the Round-heads as any of us; and that they know full well."

"Ance in the late war," said Armstrong, "I played her ae trick, whilk, I wot, she'll no forget speedily; an' I gie ye my mind on't, she's no to be lippen'd till. Fause and fearless is she, mair than woman: deadly and revengefu' I dare swear she is: the varra reputation whilk she has gain'd as ae witch an' spell woman, gars ye believe she's cursit wi' a' bad qualities; an' her poverty, ye ken, is maist of a' to be fear'd. Set three thou-

san' marks i' the scale anenst her fealty, an' ye'll sune spy it kick the beam."

"I do not fear her betraying us," answered Sidebotham; "she has kept weighty secrets against temptation; but I fear her meddling hand, if she get wind of our start. Conceal it, then, and let her not know it, but by the effects of our attack."

"An' ye wull believe me," said the Scot, "it 'll be as weel to say naething till Ford, nor aebody, until we a' meet. They may know when it canna be hid; an' that knowledge is best for sic blab tongues."

"Let it be so," pursued Sydenham: "silence can harm no one, nor any purpose. Confidence, we perceive, may be betrayed, though doubtless out of a good motive. Commend me to your friends, Sidebotham; tell them that this is, perhaps, the last dash we shall make, and it must be a spirited one, for our own honour, and our past glory. We have no hope; we must, therefore, fight like

men in despair; like brave, desperate men, who have set all their fortune on an issue, and, win or lose, will peril the bloody trial. God strike for us, friends; I will never cry Craven."

"Nor I," cried Sidebotham, "by heaven."

"Nor I," echoed the Scot, "as I'm a chiel of the Border."

Sidebotham then withdrew, and, after taking some refreshment in the house, "went on his way rejoicing."

## CHAP. XIV.

Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.

*Richard III.*

"Soon as the morning streak'd the skies," the grey woman was at the Castle Town, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Snell; but as if he had known of her expectation, and had resolved to weary her patience, he did not appear until near mid-day. Hour after hour did she pace backwards and forwards before the inn, keeping guard with the sentry, to the infinite diversion of the soldiers, who passed their coarse jokes upon her remarkable figure. One likened her to a French gueuse whom he had seen in Flanders, and who was used to follow the camp, in order to obtain a share of the spolia left on the field of battle by the

fortune of war. Another said she resembled a Wallachian gipsey, more particularly about the head, since her grey locks, which floated round the edge of her cloth cap, might well be fancied the long shaggy hair of a Hungarian grey fox, the usual head-dress trimming of that tribe. A third swore she was much more like the cut of the witch of F[illegible] the old Bible of Geneva, tha[illegible] of the other similitudes, and pro[illegible] that she should raise a spirit.

"I could raise a hundred," cried she, stopping on her march, "whom ye wad na dare to look upon."

"We'll try, Goody," said the man, "if ye'll show your art."

"I fear me," replied she, sarcastically, "ye wad faint and fly, as ye have done more than once."

"No, by Saint Barnaby," cried the trooper, "we'll neither faint nor fly for ghost or devil."

"Ye swear like a Roman," answered the witch; "ye are, perhaps, a priest i'

disguise; but tho' you be, Mr. Monk, my spirits are na to be lay'd wi' your exorcise."

"It may be so," cried the man; "though I've a pretty wand here by my side, which seldom fails to lay all the spirits which oppose me."

"Pooh, mon," returned the witch, curling her lip in scorn, "it has failed ye mony a time."

"But when and where?" said the trooper: "let's know that—I would fain learn."

"Ye canna so soon ha' forgotten the skrimmage near Stopport," answered the grey woman, "when the Scot, Armstrong, kill'd yer officer, and made ye fly before him like sheep before the wolf. Where was your spell-wand then, that ye laid not the hot spirits o' the Cavaliers? It was a fitting time to try yer power."

The trooper bit his lip, but was completely silenced. The witch resumed her march, but she found they had not done with her, for a corporal, who was drink-

ing a pot of ale, advanced with it towards her, and making a show as if he wished she should drink, threw the contents in her face, and burst into a laugh, in which he was joined by his companions. The grey woman raised her hand to her brow, and, with an aspect in which she had summoned all the malignant and ferocious character of her disposition, cried,

"By yon mother rock, I vow,
Yer web o' death is weaving now:
By yon bonny dale, I swear,
Ye'll never breathe to-morrow's air:
Well had ye bin never born,
Ye child o' blood! ye man o' scorn!"

The soldiers were awe-stricken at her hollow tone and unnatural demeanour, and did not think fit, after this denunciation, (although the corporal affected to make light of it,) to provoke her further. Shortly after, Snell and Caryfort arrived, and the witch stood before the former as he alighted from his horse.

"Ha! Doll Jordan, ye traitress!" cried Snell; "what do ye here?"

"I am a traitress still," she replied, in a low voice. "I have news for ye; gi' me a private hearing."

He motioned her forward, and they entered the house together. Caryfort followed; and when they had got into a private apartment, Snell closed the door.

"Now, woman," said he, "what is your business? Why run ye thus wittingly into the lion's mouth?"

"Have ye not offer'd a reward o' three thousan' marks for Colonel Sydenham and Abel White?" she cried, in a high tone.

"Yea," replied Caryfort, advancing close to her; "know'st thou aught of either?"

"Pay me the money," returned the woman, "and I'll place 'em in yer hands."

"A bargain, a bargain," cried the Peer, "if thou doest so."

"If I do?" cried she.

"Ay, if you do," retorted Snell, "for

ye're a double traitress, and your word's not worth a doight. What proof have ye that ye lie not now?"

She thrust her hand into her bosom, and drew forth an old rag, from which she took the gold pieces given her by Ford.

"I have received this," said she, "as earnest o' a future reward to keep the secret. The Cavaliers thought first I was to be bought, and I'll now sell to the highest bidder."

"We may, perhaps, learn your secret without paying so dearly for it," said Snell: "your life is already forfeit to the state, and you are now in our power. Confess, then, to save yourself from death."

The witch laughed aloud, and answered: "What, Jonathan Snell, have ye known me so long, and dinna know me yet? Have ye seen me dare peril o' fire and sword, halter and faggot, and yet fancy I care for death? Pooh, mon! ye're as crack-brain'd as they say I am mysel.

It wad be the best day ever came ower my head, an my crazed body were now rotting on a dunghill, 'stead o' biding here the scorns and mockeries o' a' creatures, and that ye know full well. No; the reward maun be mine, or, though ye tear me limb from limb, at the tails o' yer horses, the secret shall be safe."

"You shall have it, good woman," said the Peer, "though I pay the money out of my own pocket; and I am willing to believe that it is not the lucre of gain which induces ye to this confession, but a right sense of the iniquity of disloyalty, and an intention to redeem your past errors."

The witch shook her head, and answered: "No, no, ye're wrong; I've no such mind. But the lucre o' gain is not my chief object i' this treachery; my object is revenge — revenge on the Scot, Armstrong, who consorts wi' 'em, for bye-gone evil; and might he fa' wi'out the Colonel, I wad fain lie o' the same bloody bed."

"It may not be," returned Caryfort; "they must die together, as together they have consorted."

"So did my heart forebode," replied Doll.

"But where are they?" cried Snell: "let us know their place of hiding."

"Howd! howd! not so fast," replied the woman; "ye wish to win the prize ere ye've started for the race. Ye know not their place o' hiding: ye never shall know till I'm sure o' the gowd."

"What security, my good friend," said Murray, "would you now desire? The sum shall assuredly be yours when the Cavaliers are in durance; but before, believe me, on my honour, is against all rule and possibility."

"I know ye not, Sir," cried the witch; "but an the Colonel will swear by the soul o' his grandfather, old Solomon Snell, his friend and mine, and ye on the Bible, I will rest satisfied."

"Oh! most willingly," returned Caryfort; "your request, my good dame, is

indubitably reasonable. Here are the Holy Scriptures," (producing them from his pocket,) " containing, as well the holy evangelists, as the other writings of divine inspiration."

" Ay, ay ; but the Colonel," said Doll, eying Snell, who stood lost in thought, his countenance undergoing a thousand mutations ; " he hesitates — I maun first have his oath."

" You shall," answered the Peer ; " you shall in all things be satisfied ; Colonel Snell cannot, certes, hesitate to sign the death-warrant of his haughty foe ?"

" Ye have a reckoning o' vengeance," cried the woman, " as well as I have. Mind ye not when the malignant Armstrong clapt fire to yer grandfather's cottage, and trampled his little garden into a miry slough ? Have ye forgotten that the old hoary head o' Solomon Snell was left wi'out a shelter."

" No !" bawled Snell, stamping with rage ; " I have not forgot it ; and blazing hell catch me if I do. Swear ! yea, I will

swear any thing to glut my revenge; and if ye, Doll, can minister to it, I vow, by the soul of Solomon Snell, you shall have the reward, and a free pardon; but mind ye, seek not to trifle with me. I'll watch ye close, be sure on't: if I find ye treacherous, Heaven reward me as I drain your life's blood."

The Peer, then, with great coolness, took the oath required from him, and replaced the Scriptures in his pocket.

"Now, good woman," said he, "are you satisfied? May we have the felicity of knowing the secret."

"Felicity!" cried the grey woman, with a look of anguish; "but the struggle's past; revenge be mine! Sydenham and his friends are at Ford's—Robin Ford's o' the dale."

"What! has Ford turned against us?" said Snell."

"I was na alone ye see," replied the witch.

"I'll order a troop of horse to mount immediately," said Snell, replacing his

head-piece, which he had taken off. "Prepare to accompany us."

"Howd, mon!" answered Doll; "what! wad ye go now i' the open day, when they might see ye a mile off? Think ye men i' their jeopardy keepen no scouts to have an eye o' yer motions? I was one mysel', and there are more about. No, no, wait till night; darkness will hide yer march, and ye may snap 'em before they know ye're at the door. An ye ride now, ye'll find the birds flawn."

"In sooth, very good counsel," said Murray; "and I am of the like advice. Were we to advance now, our march would certainly be descried, and they would fly to the mountains, where we should have no hope of touching them. Bide we; 'tis best."

Snell continued, from the commencement of the grey woman's speech, to keep his eye upon her; but he spoke not until the Peer had concluded his. He then said, with great bitterness, "Woman! woman! if thou art not treacherous now

I am miserably deceived. What! ye would have us ride by night, that we may run into ambush?"

"No! by the mother-rock upon which I have lain these bones for the best part o' seventy year, no!—" answered the witch.

"Look well to your fealty," cried the Colonel, "for I will not trust ye; if you are true, well for ye is it: if false, by the soul of my grandfather, the first weapon drawn shall be on your life."

"So be it," replied the grey woman.

"We'll wait till night," pursued Snell: "until then I'll give no orders. You shall remain with us, ride with us, and fall or conquer with us; ye now know the whether. Let your heart sink or cheer."

"Count not o' that," returned Doll; "it wad beat even i' either fortin."

"If you fear treachery," said the Peer, "would it not be well to strengthen our force with that at Chapel. They might be here in two hours."

"No, Caryfort," answered the Colonel; "the treachery may have extended there, and this woman's pretended confession may be a lure to draw away our men from that post. No, we'll stand them as we are, and if the brunt fall on us, we must weather it."

"Ye are calculating a chance," said the woman, "that'll ne'er happen. There are no Cavaliers now up: their leader, Sidebotham, I saw yesternight; he had been at Chapel in a miller's dress, and learnt a' yer plans."

"True," cried the Peer, "there was a man, in a miller's dress, occupying the chimney-nook when we were in the public hall of the inn at Chapel. She is correct in this account."

"So she may, and be false in all others," returned the Colonel. "You know not this woman; but I do perfectly. She hath ever been my fiercest foe."

"I yer fiercest foe?" cried the grey woman. "What I, that for years was yer bondwoman and slave."

"Ay, you," replied Snell, "who affected to be my bondwoman and slave; affected to be so, for the mere purpose of bringing damnation on my soul, ye foul witch! To ye, woman, may I, for one, ascribe what I am."

"And is yer high station to be grieved at?" said the woman, surprised.

"Is it not?" returned the Colonel. "But for you, and your infernal gang of conspirators, I should now have a clean conscience, though a poor station. You hinted, you prognosticated, you flattered me into a villain; I may have exceeded your hopes, but you sowed the seed."

"Mercy on us!" cried the grey woman. "Why, ye fause, double-hearted, thankless traitor! will ye dare look me i' the face, who am an honest woman compared wi' the like o' ye, and tell me that I flattered ye into villany? when, as I hope for mercy from the great God, (an such a wretch may use his name,) ye were the first to draw me into treason against our good and worthy lord. Did

ye not, by gifts, aye, and by flattery too, rule me to practise on the foo' Jellott, that he might be brought ower to yer gang; and do ye now haul yer wind, and say I moved ye? Eternal curses on yer felon soul; ye know full well I have sought to bridle yer bloody appetite. Little need was there to spur it on!"

Snell answered not; but he eyed the grey woman with that calm ferocious look which ever betokened in him a deadly resolution. The witch felt the whole force of its malignity; but it did not in the least quail her spirit.

Ay, ay," she cried, "I see ye wad, if ye dare."

"And what should interpose," said Snell, folding his arms, "to save such a wretched bedlam lunatic as you are?"

"What?" returned Doll, laughing wildly. "Why, mon, though ye wad be loath to confess it, ye are stay'd by an old song: ye hanna heard it o' late; but I've a notion ye hanna forgotten it."

She then sang the following song to an old but beautiful tune.*

Give ear, give ear, give ear ye, who cross the mountain's
brow,
In thunder storm
My words are borne,
And the red hot bolt's my messenger to men below.

A mon is born whose fortin' is link'd by fate's decree,
To her's whose name,
Is meet the same,
As that bright holy river's flowing through Judee.

His name is that of Saul's son; like David, he'll tend
sheep;
With knife and speer,
He'll hunt the deer,
And track him o'er the rugged rock and mountain steep.

But hark! but hark! but hark now! a storm is growling
near;
The waves of war,
'Shall lift him far,
Far, far above his native stock and kindred dear.

* Those of our readers who are lovers of the old English ballad, will doubtless remember this air, which, of late years, hath been degraded to a marriage with a common sea-song, called "My Love sits smiling on my knee." L. G.

His life is measured straitly ; 'tis safe until the day
When Fate cries come
To the witch o' the Lone,
His death is then at hand ; he may not stop to pray.

"A mighty fair warning," cried the peer, "and, for an elderly female, to my mind, well chanted. Were I you, Colonel, I should protect the old dame as the apple of my eye."

"What?" replied Snell, "do you put faith in the ravings of this maniac? Nay, worse than maniac, for she raves out of design."

"Oh, in truth," said the peer, "warnings of this nature are by no means infrequent in Scotland, where, by the best and wisest, they are held in potent estimation. I have also met with the like usage in Germany, where, as you may have heard, the fate of the Austrian general Staremberg is in every body's mouth, though he is still living, and laughs at the prophecy; and moreover, without disparagement to the talents of this good woman, I cannot imagine that

she should, of her own composition, write this ballad, which is an argument of great force in favour of its unnatural origin."

"Besides," cried the witch; "he knew it before he was either shepherd, deer-hunter, or sodger; and he maun allow it has bin a prophecy."

"Ay verily," returned Caryfort, "so he must; and that is another argument, against which, to my fancy, he cannot obtend any reasonable objection. Ye have done wrong to sunder your good understanding, but from this minute, ye will do well to renew it."

"I have said," cried Snell, "if she is now true, I will forget past faults; but if, as I doubt still, she is playing a new and desperate game, the very certainty of my following her to the grave the next moment, should not prevent me from draining her heart's blood."

"I know ye well," answered the grey woman; "and I believe yer words; but I am now true to ye, if ye dunna make me fause."

"Oh, if you are now true," cried Snell, "I warrant ye I'll keep ye so, for ye stir not hence without me."

"Doubt her not, Colonel," said Caryfort: "in my conceit, she hath a look open and sincere, though somewhat dark and weather-beaten. If we prosper, dame, in the enterprize, I will myself present ye with a reward, independent of that granted by the state."

All further conversation was broken off by Snell ordering dinner, at which the other officers were present; and after the meal was concluded, he was employed with them in making arrangements for their march to London.

## CHAP. XV.

Who's there?
Nay, answer me; — stand and unfold yourself —
Long live the King.
Bernardo?
He — *Hamlet.*

We must here (after the zigzag manner of Sterne) march back again to Ford's cottage, where Lady Sydenham and her husband, with Lieutenant Armstrong, were at supper in a chamber above stairs.

The pastor had chosen to remain below with his relations, and each party was enjoying itself after its own fashion, when a voice was heard from the bridge.

"That's Sidebotham's voice," said Ford, starting up; "what may he want at this time?"

"Go and see," cried his wife; "ye wad na keep the lieutenant standing i' a' cowd night."

The dalesman obeyed his helpmate, and advanced to the bridge, where, by the little light which the atmosphere afforded, he perceived a man on horseback, having a led horse, laden with arms.

"Robin," said Sidebotham, "is it you?"

"Ay, Sidebotham, is that you?" returned the farmer.

"The same," replied the lieutenant.

The dalesman turned the bridge, and the cavalier and his horses passed over. Sidebotham then dismounted.

"What brings ye here?" said Ford; "with horses and arms o' this fashion, and at this time o' night?"

"Pass on, and you shall know all," replied the lieutenant; "where can I put up the horses?"

"Ye can put 'em i' the cow-house," said the dalesman; "the kine are i' the close."

Sidebotham disencumbered the led horse of his burthen, which he gave to

Ford, and desired him to bear it into the house. Thither, so soon as he had fastened up his chargers, the lieutenant followed, and found Ford and his companions in high speculation upon the use of the weapons. When he appeared, Mrs. Ford said, "Well, Harry, what'll be the meaning o' yer bringing horse and arms here at this time o' night?"

"Softly," replied Sidebotham; "ye'll know all in good time — Robin, don't let your wife alarm herself, there will be two or three score of good fellows here, in an hour or two, ready for action."

"Ye are surely never going to attack Snell?" cried the dalesman.

"Ay, but we are, my old cock!" replied the lieutenant, laughing; "and Colonel Sydenham's to head us. These arms are for him and Armstrong."

"Will there never be an end to bloodshedding?" said the pastor. "I had hoped we were to rest in peace."

"We shall ne'er be at rest till Charlie

come home, as the song goes," answered Sidebotham.

"And are ye going to the Castle Town?" said Mrs. Ford.

"Yea, we are, by St. George," replied the Cavalier, "but where is the Colonel?"

"Above stairs, wi' my Lady and Lieutenant Armstrong," returned Mrs. Ford. "Little does my Lady think that the Colonel is about to peril his life this night, or she'd na be so merry as she is."

"Is she merry?" cried Sidebotham.

"Yea, more than I have ever seen her," answered Betsy.

"It is a good omen, and we shall conquer," said the Cavalier. "I'll answer for it with my head. But go up to them, Betsy, and say I wait to see his Honour."

Mrs. Ford went up stairs, and presently returned, saying, "Lady Sydenham would be glad to see the lieutenant." He took off his head-piece and gauntlets, which he left below, and went up to their chamber. As the door opened, Lady

Sydenham exclaimed, "Lieutenant Sidebotham, I am glad to see you." But when he entered the room, and she saw he was clad in complete armour, she cried, "What do ye in arms to-night?"

"Why, your Ladyship!" replied the lieutenant, bowing, "the Colonel and Mr. Armstrong have promised to ride with me, just to take a view of the enemy's quarters. We shall be back before light, and therefore there is no chance of discovery."

"Nane whatever," pursued Armstrong; "we ainly are wanting to ken, ye see, my leddy, an if that traitor Snell may hae strengthen'd or weaken'd his garrison."

"It is no matter of such importance," continued Sydenham, "that all these words and apologies are necessary for its excuse. My love would not suppose I should run heedlessly into danger; but in order to avoid doing so in the slightest degree, I desired Sidebotham to bring me a suit of arms, with a horse he hath kindly lent me; and to engage some few of his

friends to ride with us for a guard. If these defences alarm ye, Esther, I will ride without."

"No, no," answered Lady Sydenham, "if ye mean what ye say, ye do not know what may chance; but why did ye not mention this before?"

"A circumstance so slight," replied her husband, "needed no mention."

"I mant hae told ye," said Armstrong, "but it's nae to say how clean some things slip my memory."

"Those you wish not to remember, I believe," returned Lady Sydenham, smiling: "but sit, lieutenant, if it like you, and partake of our repast."

Sidebotham took a seat next to Armstrong, and commenced an attack upon the viands, with great alacrity. The gusto of Armstrong was no less redoubtable, and Sydenham himself proved he had not lost his appetite.

"It's a sharp night, Colonel," said Sidebotham, filling himself a horn of wine: "ye'll need fortifying within as well as

without. The sky racks away westward, as if some witch were raising a storm; and it needed the weight of my arms to keep my horse steady under the wind, as I crossed the East moor ridge."

"Ye had best not ride to-night," cried Lady Sydenham; "it may be finer to-morrow."

"Finer!" replied Sydenham, "there could not be a finer night for our design; the clamour of the storm will secure us from observation; and its roughness give us an appetite on our return."

"It would seem, Sir, you needed none," said the lady, laughing: "since we have been here, you have done justice to our host's welcome."

"True," cried Sydenham, "and it would have grieved honest Ford had I eaten and drank less. They measure friendship in this country by capacity of stomach, and hold ye a hollow friend if you leave their tables not crammed, like a capon, to the throat."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "their hos-

pitality is muckle o' the same sort as that o' our Highlanders; ye maun gorge 'till yer crapfull, an' drink till yer fou, or ye're ae washy friend, an' no' worthy of respect an' countenance; nay, an ye refuse yer drapikie, it's mair than possible it may be enforced wi' ae drawn dirk, an' that's no' pleasant 'till ae peaceable mon."

"Why," said Sidebotham, "ye must not refuse your cupful here, or ye'll have a broken head, and the liquor in yer face, and that's nearly as bad as your Highland custom. But ye should make some allowance for us, since we are not quite savages."

"An' do ye mean to say the Scots Highlanders are sae?" cried Armstrong.

"They are certainly little better," returned Sydenham.

"It's my belief," replied the borderer; "ye'll no see savages handle sword an' target like thae chiels, for a' that."

"Is that any argument for their civilization?" said Sydenham; "if so, the

aborigines of Great Britain were men of great polish."

"I canna rightly mark yer aim," rejoined Armstrong; "but ye winna surely say our forbears were savages, syne they wore claes o' their backs, an' brands 'till their sides."

Sydenham and his wife laughed heartily at the Borderer's distinction; and the former replied,

"Why, Armstrong, it is accounted a mark of existing barbarity, that we are still obliged to wear swords by our sides; and at the French court, where politeness and urbanity of manners are carried to a height almost extravagant, they have in a great measure laid aside the rapier, as a part of dress."

"Humph!" cried Armstrong; "it's nae sign o' their wisdom; for, to my mind, ae gentleman never looks like himsel when he's wanting ae guid weapon at his thigh. But the customs of Frenchmen should be nae rule; they're a nation of coxcombs, an' mak' up for lack o'

mischief by the sword, wi' ae power of villany done wi' the tongue; an' gin wrang maun be committed i' some way, gi' me that whilk is done wi' a bauld heart an' keen weapon."

" Surely man may live in good fellowship," said Lady Sydenham, " without committing injustice at all: I can never suppose the world to be civilized, until the spirit of malice and malignity shall be entirely banished from society, and each man shall contribute, by the sacrifice of his own passions and interests, to the peace and benefit of all."

" You expect an Utopia, my Esther," cried the Colonel; " so blessed a community as you would form, is above mortal desert. Men must be disarmed of their passions before they will bend as you would wish them. — But come, comrades, it is time to arm. When do your friends come, Sidebotham?"

" They are at hand, your Honour," replied the lieutenant; " and will be here at a wind of my bugle."

He rose and went to the window, the latticed casement of which he opened, and Sydenham joined him. The "moon had nearly filled her horn," but her light was obscured by the density of the clouds, which, as Sidebotham said, were racking, or drifting rapidly to the westward, under the influence of a keen east wind. Nothing could be distinguished but the dim outline of the East moor hills, which lay close behind the house; and the high ridge of Mam Tor, stretching its vast back to the left; all the lower part of the country was buried in one voluminous grave of profound darkness.

The wind, as loud as it was keen and cutting, whistled and roared through the vallies, and beat upon the mountains, as if endeavouring to uproot their foundations; and as it waved the long bracken and rushes which grew upon their sides, they joined in the elemental concert, and sighed and rustled to the sighing and whistling of the blast. Lady Sydenham shuddered, as she cast a glance through

the casement towards Banner Cross, and exclaimed, "Should a storm come on?"

"Fear not, my lady," answered Sidebotham; "there will be no more storm than there is to-night; it blows too hard for rain, and the weather has been too warm for sleet."

"It's ae right guid night for our foray," cried the borderer; "de'il hae me, gin I wad pray for better. Where are your arms, Sidebotham?"

"Below," returned the lieutenant. "I'll go down and separate them, and ye may come when I call."

He left the room, and descended to the house part, where he had left Ford, his wife, and the pastor, and found the good woman in tears. Upon enquiry into the matter, he learned that the dalesman, willing to show his courage and established loyalty, had resolved to clap harness on his back, and ride with the Cavaliers to the attack of Snell's quarters; at which resolution his wife

was in despair, beseeching him to forego it, by all the ties of love which bound him to herself and his children.

"But stay," cried she, "an' I'll ne'er mention Picard's name agen, as I hope to be saved. Stay Robin; ye know I never loved but ye, and ye'll now kill me wi' yer unkindness."

"I'll go," returned Ford, obstinately, and proceeded to brush up his arms, which had lain by since the old times of drill at the Tor Dale.

"What the devil makes ye take on at this rate?" said Sidebotham: "he's not going to be hanged. Give me your hand, Robin,—this is the best and bravest resolution ye ever took in your life."

"He's sure to be killed," cried Betsy, "and then what'll become o' me and my poor childer?"

"Why, I'll marry ye, and be their second father," replied the lieutenant, laughing.

"Ye may make light on't, Harry Side-

botham," sobbed Mrs. Ford, "for ye've neither wife nor child, and so ye may be cut to pieces or shot wi'out any body missing ye."

"I am very much obliged to you;" answered the cavalier, "but I'm of another opinion. However, ye may make yerself easy, Bessy, for I did but crack a joke on ye, when I said we were for beating up Snell's quarter. Ye'll learn, from the Colonel, that we're but riding to reconnoitre his garrison."

"I dinna understand yer reckonitèr," replied she.

"Why, we seek to know," pursued Sidebotham, "whether he has augmented or decreased his force at the town, as ye are well aware that Colonel Sydenham would pass to the coast."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Ford, drawing out the word, "is that a'; well, then, ye may ride, Robin, if ye think the iron winna gi' ye cowd—ye've not worn it sin' Picard were here."

"I thought," said her husband, "ye were not to mention his name."

"Ay, ay," cried Betsy, "but that was an ye had stay'd a' together, mon."

"Yea, but I go now wi' your consent," said her husband, "and that's the same as if I did not go at a."

"That's a likely story, indeed," returned Mrs. Ford; "na, na, ride and welcome, but I shall speak o' the serjeant as often as I list."

"Then I'll not ride," rejoined the dalesman, dropping his arms.

"Ye winna ride!" cried his wife: "why, Robin! will ye disgrace yersell, and see your friends ride wi'out ye? What said ye before the lieutenant came? Why, that ye could na look him i' the face, and not run like peril as he and his comrades — and will ye now fa' back?"

"Ay, marry," returned the farmer; "for there's no danger to run, and so no disgrace to be away — an there had, it would not ha' bin tears nor sobs that wad ha' held me back."

"Well, but ye shall go," said Betsy.

"Take her at her word," whispered Sidebotham.

"Well, an I must go, I must," said Ford, taking up his breast-plate, which he instantly put on: "ye will force me, an' if I should be kill'd, it's yer own work."

"Ay, ay, I saw ye, Harry Sidebotham," cried Mrs. Ford; "ye're a wicked genius, ye are; but I'm not easily frightened."

Armstrong at this moment descended, and the good woman asked him if they were going to attack the Castle Town.

". Attack it, my guid dame?" cried the borderer. "Ay, ay, we're ganging to bombard it wi' some o' yer cheesecakes. How many hae ye got?"

"I thowt ye wad hardly be sa rash," returned Betsy, "but lieutenant Sidebotham's putting Robin up to playing tricks o' me. I'm na sa foolish though, as he would make me."

"Nay, o' my conscience," cried Ford,

"i'ts ye that were playing tricks o' me, not Harry upon ye."

Armstróng now examined the armour brought for him by Sidebotham, consisting of the back and breast pieces, and scull cap, unbeavered, of a common trooper. Some parts of it were rusted, and the whole was in no high state of preservation. The Scot turned it over and over, and surveyed every part with nice care; and at length said:

"Where the de'il, mon, got ye this villanous suit o' arms? It's no fit for ae common trooper; and gin I were to get a shot through these rusted plates, ye ken the danger wad be muckle."

"Mind that your brigandine's not rusted, Robin," said his wife; "you hear the lieutenant."

"I run your risk," cried Sidebotham, "for my own suit is no better. They were mine when I was in the ranks: the Colonel will wear those I use now."

Armstrong shook his hand, and said, "Gie me ae help, comrade, an' I'll

buckle on my sack o' war in ae twinkling."

The pastor had, during all the previous dialogue, sat silent and contemplative in the chimney-nook; and the sad character of his countenance betrayed his fears, that the first representation of Sidebotham was more correct than the latter one. His gloom seemed to be increased by the vivacity of his kinswoman; but although it was noticed by Sidebotham, he forbore to demand an explanation, which he perceived would cause fresh tears to Mrs. Ford.

By the time Armstrong and the dalesman were fully accoutred, Colonel Sydenham and his lady made their appearance below.

"Ah, you look now, Armstrong, like yourself," cried Sydenham; "I scarcely knew ye in your serving-man's dress; but have ye no beavers to your head-pieces?"

"These suits, your Honour," said Sidebotham, "were mine before you raised me

from the ranks; the one Armstrong has, I wore at Roundaway; and this one, on that day which gained me your favour and protection."

"But where are your own arms?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"They are here," replied the lieutenant, "and I am in hopes you will honour me by using them."

"Honour you, brother soldier!" returned Sydenham; "the arms of a gallant warrior may not receive an addition of honour from the wear of a king.

With the assistance of the two other cavaliers he equipped himself in the cuirass and other arms of the lieutenant, and then buckled on his belt, with his own sword and pistols, which he had brought from Bradshaw Hall. Armstrong did the like, and they all assumed their head-pieces; the one worn by the Colonel, was a visared helmet, ornamented with a plume of white feathers.

"I shall leave my wife in your care, good folks," said Sydenham, to the pas-

tor and his kinswoman. "What, Ford, do you mean to ride with us?"

"If it so please ye," answered the dalesman.

"We shall be glad of your company," returned the Colonel; "and so, where are our horses?"

"You'll return soon, Charles," said Lady Sydenham, "and ride gently, this horrid night; the darkness will hide the precipices, and if ye are not wary, ye may fall into danger."

"Fear not, my beloved," replied the Colonel; "we will return soon, and ride gently; we will be more cautious than even you would have us. These things I promise ye, to lull your fears."

"God be with you," said the pastor, rising, "and wait on ye in your goings out, and comings in. An horse is a vain thing for safety, neither shall he deliver any by his great strength; but the Lord is a rock of safety; he shall sustain those in the hour of trial, who call faithfully upon his name."

"Ford left the house, followed by Armstrong and Sidebotham. Sydenham embraced his wife, and desired her to retire to rest; but she steadily refused, saying she had resolved to await his return; and Mrs. Ford and the pastor intimated their intention of joining in her vigils. He again pressed Lady Sydenham in his arms, and quitted the house.

Sidebotham had, in the meantime, brought the horses into the paddock. The one destined for Colonel Sydenham, was the lieutenant's own charger, a fine red roan, perfectly caparisoned; the other was for himself.

"But what beast am I to ride?" cried Armstrong: "ye'll no be thinkin' I can gang afoot in iron arms?"

Sidebotham laughed, and replied, "No, no, man; Tom Jernighan has a horse in leading for you, and he'll be here when I call."

The wind had now perfectly died away, and the moon, emerging from her shroud, shone clear and steady; the complexion

of the night was changed from howling storm, to a silent eager frost; and the whole country was perceptible. Mam Tor, the Heron's nest, and the cliffs of the East Moor, were silvered over with the reflection of the luminary; whilst the sides of the hills, screened by the more elevated ridges, frowned with a darker and more terrific gloominess.

The low country was light or dark, as it was plain and open, or uneven and wooded; for in many parts of Hopedale, clusters of trees, though dwarfed and unpromising, grew on the more elevated spots, and more particularly in the vicinity of the brooks or running streams which traversed the dale in various directions. The brook which surrounded Ford's paddock was, in this way, bordered by willows and poplars; and a cluster of firs, which stood on one side of the house, hid the road to the East Moor from the sight of any coming from Banner Cross. Armstrong eyed the moon with great mortification, and said, "It

wad be ae fine night now to ride a foray on the border; but de'il hae me gin it's muckle in our favour here. The sentry may spy our march, an' then ye ken they'll be prepar'd for our coming."

"Why let them," replied Sydenham, "we shall have the more honour in beating them."

"We may ride under Mam Tor," cried Ford, "and down by the Winnets; they'll not see us then."

"If I may give advice," said Sidebotham, "we shall ride at speed down the dale, and so take chance for our discovery. It boots not if they do discover us, for hand to hand ours are better men."

"Here they are," cried Armstrong. "What the de'il gars 'em spur at that gait? They might be on Paisley again, wi' Snell at their heels."

"Snell at their heels!" cried Sidebotham, wildly; "we are betrayed; that damn'd witch has betrayed us. It is Snell himself; I know him by his arms and feather. Mount, Colonel, mount."

"Gallant St. George nerve my arm," cried the Colonel, as he drew his sword, and sprung into the saddle.

## CHAP. XVI.

See how the pangs of death do make him grin —
Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.

*2d Part of Henry VI.*

The perception of Lieutenant Sidebotham was indeed true; for Snell and Caryfort, at the head of their troopers, soon arrived at the bridge over the brook, which was fortunately drawn back. Between the commanders rode the witch, strapped behind a soldier; and so soon as they attained the brink of the stream, she cried out, "the Cavaliers are i' the paddock."

"Surround the house," cried Snell, "and some of ye pass the stream, and turn the bridge."

Sidebotham applied his mouth to a bugle-horn, which was slung round his shoulder, and blew a call, which was instantly answered.

"What signal is that?" cried Snell to the grey woman.

"I dinna know," she answered.

"Beware, beware, woman!" returned he; "your life hangs on a thread. Pass the stream there."

Several of the troopers spurred their horses into the water, and endeavoured to gain the opposite side, but they found the water deep, and the bank precipitous. Sydenham, Sidebotham, and the dalesman, too, opposed their passage; and whilst they were engaged in this difficulty, the Cavaliers galloped from behind the wood. Sidebotham spurred his horse, by main force of heel and rowel, over the brook, and joining his comrades, with the cry "Sydenham for ever," they charged the Round-heads. Snell now concluded he had been sold by the witch, and, with one blow of his broad sword, clove her head from her body, at the same time wounding the trooper behind whom she rode.

"Die, damned traitress!" cried he, as

he gave the blow. "To hell with your cursed soul. Comrades, form."

In the mean time, Armstrong, who was still on foot, turned the bridge, and Sydenham dashed over, followed by Ford. The Borderer pulled the wounded trooper from his saddle, and took his place. Snell, when he had re-formed his men, who were broken by the first shock of the Cavaliers, cried to Caryfort, "Murray, look you to the troop; I must hunt nobler game."

He left the head of the squadron to seek Sydenham. The fight was on the very brink of the stream, and many men and horses were already stricken into the water, which now reflected a crimson hue. Sidebotham was wounded, but he did not abate a jot of his exertions; whilst Armstrong sought Snell, as he sought Sydenham. The Cavalier was soon found by his inveterate foe, where death and slaughter raged in their direst terrors. Snell found Sydenham "with purple faulchion painted to the hilt in

blood of those that had encountered him." As they came together, a violent rush of the whole body of combatants carried them to the little bridge, which Snell (to avoid being plunged in the stream) passed, and Sydenham, leaping his horse over a heap of slain, followed his example.

Without a word, these leaders made a turn round the paddock, and then clapping spurs to their horses, fiercely joined battle; never was match more equal, nor single combat maintained with more desperate intrepidity. At each cut made by either, the horse of his opposite reeled under the stroke; and at length, by a dreadful blow, Snell clove the head of Sydenham's charger; which fell with its rider to the earth. The villain endeavoured to improve his advantage, and end the combat, by spurring his horse over the prostrate cavalier; but Sydenham, marking his intention, received the charger on his sword-point, which entered to the heart, and the animal fell dead to the ground. Snell

avoided the saddle as the horse went down, and they now came to equal points on foot. Sydenham, whose rage was roused by the dishonourable attempt of his foe, gave him no time to breathe; but assaulted him with all his force, and all his skill; and a short time proved the Round-head to be no match for the Cavalier at the sword. Without method or caution, Snell rained his blows upon his rival as thick and fast as hail-drops; but Sydenham parried them with ease; and, when his opponent was weary, returned them with more dreadful application. The blood ran in streams from Snell's armour, and he staggered under the cuts and thrusts of the Cavalier.

"Yield!" cried Sydenham: "take mercy."

"Never!" returned he; "my hour is come; but if you fall with me, I care not for hell itself."

Sydenham now endeavoured to disarm him, but without effect: he was at length constrained, in self-defence, to pass his

sword through the traitor's body, who instantly fell.

In the mean time, the Cavaliers had nearly annihilated their enemies, with whose bodies and horses the stream was choked up. The Round-heads fought, as they had ever been used to fight under Snell, as gallantly as men could; and not more than half a dozen, of whom Lord Caryfort was one, escaped from the field of battle. These were followed by Sidebotham and his troop, who took the way to the Castle Town. Armstrong and Ford staid with the Colonel, and, with their assistance, he bore the dying Snell into the house. On opening the door, they found the pastor, Lady Sydenham, Mrs. Ford, and the servants, upon their knees, engaged in prayer; but no sooner did Lady Sydenham behold her husband, than she sprang from her postulatory posture, and threw her arms round his neck. The preacher returned thanks to God for his protection, and they arose.

Armstrong and Ford laid their expiring

burthen upon a long settle, and with some difficulty took off his armour, which was glued together with the gore which had run from his body. He had swooned with loss of blood, but partially revived upon Mrs. Ford administering to him some warm brandy. He opened his eyes, and apparently was conscious of his situation; for he ground his teeth in anguish, and one deep convulsive sob sprung from his breast.

Mrs. Ford held the cup to him again; but he shook his head, and in a low murmur, said, "It is over."

The pastor advanced to the side of the settle, and conjured him to make his peace with God before he left this world, by a thorough, if short repentance; but with a passionate wafting of his hand, he cut him short, and exclaimed, as loudly as he could, "Away, away, ye persecute me; there is —" he could not finish the sentence, but looked round the room until his eye rested on Sydenham: it fixed steadily upon him, and the Cavalier walked to his side. The face of the dying man

assumed a character in which all other feelings were overwhelmed by despair; and the sweat poured down his forehead as if he had been in full health and much toiled.

"What wad ye just say, Colonel Snell?" said the Borderer, softly, for he was melted at this awful scene.

Snell raised his head, and regarded the querist with a look of fearful anguish; he grasped Armstrong's hand, and endeavoured, with his assistance, to raise himself upon his elbow; but his strength failed him, and he again sank upon the settle. He lay quiet for a short time, as if to compose himself, and then said, in a voice quivering with agitation, "I have been a foul traitor to a noble master."

"Forget it," cried Sydenham; "I forgive ye, both for my father and myself; were he here, he would act as I do."

He sprang upright, for a moment, with a countenance beaming satisfaction; but the exertion cut the feeble thread, which

bound him to existence: his brow gathered, his forehead wrinkled, his teeth met, and he fell backwards without a sigh.

"He's gane," said Armstrong.

"God rest his soul," cried the pastor.

"Amen, amen!" repeated all present.

About day-break many of the Cavaliers returned, at a sorry speed, from the pursuit, in which they had nearly crippled their horses. They had entered the Castle Town, and taken several prisoners; thence they had gone on to Chapel-en-le-Frith; but the force there stationed (though equal to themselves in number) having heard of the conflict from those who escaped, fled in a panic, leaving behind them the baggage and valuables of Snell and Lord Caryfort. Some of the Cavalier party still continued the chase towards Stockport; but upon arriving at the bridge of Waily, they found it broken down, and were therefore obliged to turn about. The first business of the morning was to inter the dead, which

the soldiers speedily did, by digging a large pit, into which they cast the bodies of men and horses *pêle mêle* : they found the trunk of the witch lying on the bank of the stream, but her head could no where be discovered.* On the pile of bodies they placed Snell and the grey woman side by side, after which, without ceremony, they covered the whole with earth and sods.

There are, worthy readers, many other pages in this manuscript; but they are so greatly defaced by the damp, which hath, like a hungry antiquary, devoured these *morceaux* of the olden time, that there is no possibility, even assisted by the skill of Davy himself, to restore and decypher the whole of the sequel. We have, with great industry, spelt out as much of it, as any man or set of men living, might or could spell out; and we

* It is said that this *caput mortuum* conveyed itself, nobody knows how, to a house near Chapel-en-le-Frith, where the grey woman was born: for although she had lived almost her whole life near Banner Cross, yet her parents were servants to the proprietors of that house, in which the skull is still preserved. L. G.

take great merit to ourselves for the connected and pertinent narrative which will hereafter follow, however abstracted it may appear. Besides, "*Hæc est brevis,*" is, to many, as good a saying as "*Hæc est dulcis,*" and to many a better. — Avaunt, then, critics! what would ye have?

We do not learn from the MS., neither have we been able, after every enquiry, to discover, how, or by what conveyance, Colonel Sydenham, his lady, and Lieutenant Armstrong made their way to the continent; but it is certain that, within one month after Snell's death, those three persons were seen at Rouen; and the "*Mercurius Politicus*" of that time, gives a very minute and particular account of the last sickness, and demise natural, of the good and venerable Maurice Sydenham Baron Falconridge — of the funeral ceremonies (for he was interred in France) of that worthy peer— and of his son's succession to the title.

The manuscript doth give us to understand, that no notice was taken of the

death of Snell, and the defeat of his troopers, either by the parliament, or the council of officers; and it is probable that the former were glad to be rid of a fierce and desperate adversary, without having his blood laid at their door. His power and courage were a loss to the officers; but it was the less felt, insomuch that he usually carried himself with such a brutal haughtiness to all men, that his company was universally disliked. All enquiry was therefore passed over; and indeed both parties were in a state of too great agitation, to spend time or trouble on any matter unconnected with the support and extension of their influence and authority. Affairs continued in this state, until the rising of Sir George Booth in the August of the following year, with whom Sidebotham and his Cavaliers were again out, and fought against Lambert at Warrington in Lancashire, but with bad success. However, his lucky stars, as usual, prevailed; and he brought off the remains of his troop. This was the last

struggle in which he was engaged, for the Restoration took place in the month of May subsequent. We gather also, from the remains of our MS., that Charles Lord Falconridge, with his wife and mother, attended by Dr. Grostete, Lieutenant Armstrong, and the veteran Picard, returned to England about the time his Majesty King Charles the Second, of ever blessed and ever glorious memory, arrived in London. At the coronation of that sovereign, Lord Falconridge bore before him a steel lance cresseted, with a rest of crimson velvet, worked with gold wire, — the tenure by which he held his barony; and he afterwards received from his Majesty the commission of colonel of a regiment of guards, the majority of which he obtained for Armstrong. It must not escape our attention, that in the latter part of the year 1659, the Lord President Bradshaw departed this life. He had many years before suffered a recovery of all the estates belonging to the family, in the Court of Common Pleas at Westmin-

ster, as, due reference being had to the records thereof, will fully and at large appear; and it was found by his last will and testament, bearing date at London, the first day of August, in the year of his demise, that he the said John Bradshaw, had and did thereby give, devise, and bequeath unto his niece Esther, daughter of his dearly beloved brother Francis Bradshaw, all and singular his manors, castles, houses, lands, &c. &c. &c. with the exceptions therein mentioned; to hold unto her the said Esther Bradshaw, and the heirs male of her body, and in default of such issue, to the heirs female of her body lawfully issuing and begotten, and in default of issue, remainder over. Thus, our learned readers will perceive, she was tenant in tail, but not after possibility of issue extinct: on the contrary, shortly after her return to her native country, she was safely confined (as the newspapers say) of a heir apparent, and had many other children before her death, which was

not until a good old age. After the bustle of the coronation was over, and people of fashion had time to think of their domestic concerns, Lord and Lady Falconridge, with the lady dowager, (his Lordship's mother,) visited their estates in Derbyshire and Cheshire. Banner Cross, his Lordship found, could not be repaired in a style fit for his residence. On entering the old pile, he found it in that lone and awful condition so well described by a noble bard:

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay.
In thy once-smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way."

The sight agonised his feelings, and he quitted the hall of his fathers, never to re-enter it. The old ruins were left to remain, as a monument of civil war, and its baneful effects. The traveller and tourist, as they visit the cavern of the Peak, and the wilds of that mountainous region, look up to the Castle, and internally wonder what work of devastation

could have destroyed so strong a fortress. There are now few traditions respecting this event, and most of them contradict each other. Every peasant has a legend of his own; but they all agree upon the spot where lived Doll Jordan, the renowned witch of the Lone End, and as to her death happening out of the course of nature, but the manner of it is related in as many ways as the destruction of the Castle.

Our MS. now arrives at that customary winding up, which endeavours to satisfy our readers of the fates and situations of the several existing actors in this drama. This is an old prescriptive form used by novel-writers time out of mind, and as the compiler of this MS. was, it is likely, a cotemporary of Defoe, it cannot be supposed that he would be deficient in a fashion which was, at that time, the reigning mode among the *gens de belles lettres*. Lord Falconridge, says the MS., fixed his country residence at Wibberley Castle,

which, for that purpose, he caused to be repaired, embellished, and newly furnished throughout. There he and his family resided in the summer; and Mr. White (who had been inducted into the chapelry of Marple), and Major Armstrong, were pretty constantly their guests. Sidebotham too, for whom Lord Falconridge obtained a captain's commission in his own regiment, did not unfrequently make his appearance there, and was always warmly received. Doctor Grostete, for some time, continued his chaplaincy to the Baron, but by the representations of that nobleman at the proper place, he was speedily put in a train of preferment, and at length obtained a bishop's chair. The dalesman, Ford, increased mightily in substance; and upon the passing of the act for the abolition of feudal tenures, he took a very considerable farm from the Baron, in addition to his own socage land. His wife teemed, and his family multiplied exceedingly, so that his de-

scendants are, at this day, scattered over Derbyshire from one extremity to the other. The old steward, Mark Green, lived to see his son occupy his stewardship; and although no one could disparage the character of the elder, he became a man of great wealth, and his son's son sheriff for the county. The old serjeant, Picard, remained in the family of Lord Falconridge with the office of major-domo ; and had the pleasure of polyglotising to the children of his lord, as he had done to the Baron himself. The Scotsman, Macrandy, (whom our readers may recollect,) was employed by Lord Falconridge to dispose of the house at Edinburgh, belonging to his wife ; and so well had the citizen thriven in his business since it had been known he was the friend of the noble Cavalier, that he agreed for the purchase himself, and it was concluded much to the satisfaction of all parties. Having thus given notices of our friends, it is only necessary to add a

few words more relative to Lord Caryfort. That peer, on his return to London, after the defeat in Hopedale, was rejected and contemned by both parties in the state, and had been obliged to withdraw into his native country, to conceal his chagrin and want of consequence. All his plans, for which he had incurred so much guilt and shame, had utterly failed; he was deprived of those offices which had been conferred upon him by the Protector; and he now found that he had gained no one thing but a load of crime upon his conscience. He buried himself in obscurity, until the restoration of the King, when he thought it prudent to retire to Flanders; but as his name was not one of those excepted out of the act of amnesty, he returned once more to Scotland, where he sank under the weight of foiled vanity, and a gnawing remembrance.

Here, gentle and beneficent readers, the MS. doth conclude; and here do we

with great observance, make ye our farewell bow; hoping, that if ye be not in fact Cavaliers, ye will be, virtually, friends of "The Cavalier."

THE END.

Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode,
Printers-Street, London.